

THE GRENADA SENTINEL.

VOLUME LXXI.

GRENADA MISSISSIPPI, FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1923.

NUMBER 9.

MIKE CONNER

Candidate for Governor

Will Speak at Cascilla. Wednesday, July 25, 3:00 p. m. He will also speak in Grenada, same day, at 8 p. m. His Address Will Interest You.

"OLD TIMER" FROM CENTRAL MISSISSIPPI

Gives His Viewpoint of Gubernatorial Race. He Was One Who Wore Red Shirt in Days after Civil War. Thinks Conner Should be the Nominee because of the Warfare that Has Been Made on Him by Bilbo and Russell. Whitfield Said to have Positively Endorsed Y. W. C. A.

Editor Grenada Sentinel:

Some years ago I got to reading your paper and it continues to come to me. It is one of the few county newspapers which I take.

I am an "old timer." I am one of those who wore red shirts in days gone by when the Democrats of Mississippi were tried by the fire. At times I reflect on those days, and the thought comes to me that I hardly see how our people got by. But we literally fought our way out.

I have always taken a keen interest in political affairs. My friends say that I have always been in the vanguard. I count myself "one of the boys" today. I am watching conditions in Mississippi. I am watching this political campaign, and am taking the liberty of writing you a sort of "Resume of the Political Situation" as I see it from central Mississippi.

As the dust of the political combat clears away and the gubernatorial race comes down the home stretch, we are able to get a clearer view of the political situation in this state.

The first thing that stands out clearly is that the old Vardaman crowd is going rapidly to pieces and advices from almost every county indicate that many of the former supporters of that faction are coming over to what has been known as the anti side. At the last election after the most splendid campaign ever managed in the State the anti had about nine thousand majority and with those who have left the Bilbo, Russell crowd in the present campaign, the anti faction have now by careful estimates some eighteen thousand majority. Taking up the candidates for governor in their order we find that Mr. Bell is generally regarded as a clean man and under happier auspices would make a good race but unfortunately for him his affiliation with Vardaman wing of the party has not been sufficiently pronounced to secure the support of that faction and yet his tinctures of Vardanism has prevented support from the anti faction, with the result that he is being ground between the upper and nether millstone and may be considered as eliminated from the race.

With Franklin it is another case of keeping bad company, since with Lee Russell bestriding his neck like the old man of the sea on Sinbad the Sailor, he is doomed to defeat. Again it is evident that he is simply a pawn on the political Chess Board while the real fight is between Russell and Bilbo for control of their faction of the party. This fight is so bitter that neither Franklin or Bilbo if by a miracle either should be in the second primary, could ever hope to secure the support of the other, in fact their friends openly assert this.

As to Governor Bilbo his strength is more apparent than real for while he has large crowds and temporarily takes votes from Franklin, just as soon as he leaves a speaking, the leaders of the faction go to work and get the votes away from him, so that it appears that while he is building up at one end of the line he is losing at the other. In truth Bilbo on account of his unsavory record is not regarded seriously by the thinking people of the state.

As to Professor Whitfield the estimation seems to be about this. At the start he was far in the lead of all the other candidates but seems to have steadily lost as the campaign has progressed, it is generally believed that he has lost votes where (Continued on page 5)

WHAT ASSESSMENT ROLLS SHOW

Merchandise, Guns, Farm Implements, Horses, Mules and Cattle Listed.

The assessment as filed by the Tax Assessor of Grenada County, shows the following:

Total realty assessment for the County \$2,927,944.00
Total personalty for County 1,056,210.00

Grand Total \$3,984,154.00

Total realty City of Grenada \$963,785.00

Total personalty City of Grenada 483,470.00

Grand total of both City of Grenada \$1,447,255.00

When the railroad, telegraph, telephone and express company's assessments are added to the above, it will be seen that the town will run considerably more than half of the total assessment of the entire County:

Road tax, 1896.
Polls, White male, 1042; white female, 608; Negro male, 1670; Negro female, 284.

No. hogs 920, value \$4,355.

Sheep and goats value \$345.

No. cattle 1368, value \$19,595.00.

No. oxen 43, value \$1,390.

No. horses 1253, value \$56,775.00

No. mules 2603, value \$148,910.

Jacks and stallions, 10, value \$1,065.

Automobiles 478, value \$85,040.

Motor cycles 6, value \$1,650.

Wagons and other vehicles wheel- ed 1087, value \$24,035.00.

Pianos 146, valued \$15,470.00.

Victrolas 87, value \$3,080.

Organs, etc. 63, value \$1,415.

Guns (over one) 6, value \$50.

Pistols 101, value \$930.

Watches 228, value \$2,738.

Diamonds jewelry, value \$11,165.

Household furniture, value at \$22,930.

Office Furniture, value \$32,375.

Merchandise, value \$209,145.

Machinery, value \$148,680.

Lumber and shingles and other building material value \$79,960.

Timber, pyrite, metal etc. value \$3,580.

Telephones, electric lights, and etc. value \$22,900.

Agricultural implements abstract books, ets. value \$150.

Corporations, excess of capital stock over Assessment value \$75,700.

Banks capital stock, surplus, and individual profits value \$72,330.

WILL WOOD TO THE VOTERS OF THE COUNTY

Owing to my physical condition, I have not been able to make a thorough canvass of the County. I would have liked to have gone to every home in the County. Nevertheless, I have canvassed as best I could and have seen a large majority of the voters. I want to thank one and all for assurances of support. I believe I can make you a capable and satisfactory Circuit Clerk, and I pledge you, if you elect me, that I shall do my best to show you that you never had a more accommodating one.

I am just out of the hospital where I went under the surgeon's knife, and I confidently believe that I am now really a well man. However, I have not sufficiently recovered from the operation to be able to get out and see the people in the various parts of the County as I would like. I want to ask my friends to keep up an interest until the primary is over. I am more grateful that I can express for every word of encouragement and for the many voluntary assurances of support. Thanking one and all, I am, very sincerely yours,

J. W. WOOD,
Grenada, Miss., July 18, 1923.

Get into The Sentinel's SUBSCRIPTION CRUSADE. We give tickets with every dollar in Gold Contest besides other things.

ANOTHER "CONFIDENTIAL" RUSSELL LETTER GETS INTO CONNER'S HANDS

Governor Terms Bilbo a "Fraud" and "a Scoundrel." Says Antis are Lining up Behind Conner.

WHAT GOVERNOR RUSSELL SAYS ABOUT CONNER-TORIAL QU-ET

"Bilbo is a fraud and a dirty scoundrel, but he is a good speech always."

"The antis have paid down the line to vote Conner—they are going to put Whitfield."

"Nobody is paying attention to poor old Bell. He is so 'stuck on himself' that he cannot see the other man."

"Franklin can beat any man in the race in the second primary and, of course, he will be in the second."

The above ravings from our one and only Lee Mary as embodied in the latest letter to be captured by Mike Conner's aggressive aggression show that the Governor is certainly "hearing from his supposed confidential friend" in short order.

Hon. Ed. McIntyre, manager for Sennett Conner gave this latest lucubration from the pen of the present occupier of the Governor's mansion to the press last night accompanying it with this statement:

"Russell sees the hand writing on the wall. Mike Conner is gaining votes every passing hour. Yes, he does have scores of the leading men and women of Mississippi supporting him and working for him and naturally they do not purpose to see Mike put out of the running by letting the unwary fall into any trap to substitute a weaker, less aggressive man for Mr. Conner. Russell and his man Friday like their present mortal enemy Bilbo want to see Mike Conner eliminated by his own folks because they realize that it will be impossible to defeat Conner in the run off. Russell warned his supposed follower 'to keep this letter in confidence' because he knows that his opposition is a strong point in Conner's favor."

"Conner alone has made this fight against political filth and corruption" continued Mr. McIntyre. He has naturally incurred the hostility of both Russell and Bilbo because they are lovers of darkness rather than light and sure as you are born, Mike has been letting the light into the cellar and will keep his promise "to open the books" when he is elected. Conner is the only man Russell fears. Why the "Guv-nor" himself says that "Nobody is paying any attention to poor old Bell. He is so 'stuck on himself' that he cannot see the other man," and "Whitfield will take a stand on nothing."

"Everybody knows how Conner stands" said Mr. McIntyre. For eight years he has stood for a square deal and everybody, rich or poor, big or little will get that when he is elected. But these political cadavers and self confessed bribe takers and jail birds can look for no quarter from Mr. Conner. They know it and are centering their fire on him. But as Russell admitted in confidence—the people are coming to see more clearly with each passing hour that Conner is the natural leader of the forces of righteousness and decency. He has a splendid record. He is aggressive. He has not hesitated to go after these fellows and when the votes are counted Lee Russell will be writing the worst whine that you ever listened to—for of course we will get a copy of that letter too. Folks send these letters to Mike because they know he will use them. This is the sixth letter that has been sent in to us, sometimes from folks we did not know. We even got two copies of this same letter. While Russell is writing these abusive attacks, Mike Conner is writing "The Days of Political Crooks in Mississippi's Governor's office are numbered."

Here is Governor Russell's "confidential" estimate of the situation. July 6, 1923.

Hon. W. M. Knox,
Okolona, Miss.
Dear Sir and Friend: I am writing to know about how the political

situation is in your county. The Franklin Headquarters have very limited means and just such as the boys will send in from time to time. Therefore, I feel that they have not been able to keep up with every community as they should. However, I have been all over the state lately, from one end to the other, and have made a few speeches here and there. I can advise you that Franklin is easily the leading candidate. Bilbo is making little headway. Our leading friends know that Vardaman is opposed to Bilbo and they know that he would not support him under any condition. They know that practically all of Bilbo's old organization is now for Franklin. First, because Bilbo and Sweb Taylor announced Franklin for governor when I was nominated and made speeches in his behalf. Every informed man knows that it is impossible to elect Bilbo even if Vardaman, myself, and our leading friends would support him. Bilbo is a fraud and a dirty scoundrel, but he makes good speeches always. They know, too, that he got Pat Harrison out against Vardaman and for a long time, was a candidate against him, himself. They know that he conspired with Brewer, Oscar Johnson, the insurance thugs, and the old Birkhead woman, to destroy me and to bring my administration into disrepute and disgrace.

In other words, Bilbo is nothing but a tool of the antis and they are delighted that he is in the race because they know he can hurt Franklin more than anyone else. The antis have passed the word down the line to vote for Conner—they are going to put the skids under Whitfield. Franklin can beat any man in the race in the second primary and of course he will be in the second. The sole hope and prayer of the anti's is to see Bilbo in the second with either Whitfield or Conner—nobody is paying any attention to poor old Bell. He is so "stuck on himself" that he can not see the other man.

Tell our friends that Franklin is the only hope for the people as against the trusts and combines. These outlaws are going to do their best to destroy the revenue agent's office, the anti-trust laws and pass the infamous rating bill now on my desk but which will be returned with my veto during the first three days of the next session.

Heavy rains and bad crop conditions have prevented Franklin from getting his message to the people but business is going to pick up now. We have just a month before the election.

Won't you arouse our friends? It is the fellow way out, who counts. Get the message to him and see that he registers and votes. This is the most important election in the history of this state. If the trusts and combines win this time by the election of Whitfield or Conner, it will be a sad day for Mississippi for years to come.

No governor can properly serve the people, backed by such enemies. Conner admits that they are supporting him and approves it. Whitfield ever, if he is elected, such men as will take a stand on nothing, how- Bob and Sid McLaurin will be his chief counsellors and they will have plenty of company with predatory interests' views of the same kind.

Keep this letter in confidence, let me hear from you right away.

(Signed)

Your friend,
LEE M. RUSSELL,
Governor.

WHITFIELD TO SPEAK NEXT THURSDAY

H. L. Whitfield, Candidate for Governor, will address the voters of Grenada County at 8 o'clock p. m. Thursday, July 26, at the court house in Grenada. Ladies are especially invited.

H. L. WHITFIELD

Candidate for Governor

Will Speak at the Court House in Grenada Thursday, July 26, 8 o'clock p. m. Ladies Especially Invited.

CROP OUTLOOK NOT ENCOURAGING

Cotton Three Weeks Late. Too Much Rain in July.

The weather during the last week has been anything but encouraging or reassuring to the farmers. It has rained eight different days in July. By this it is not meant that it rained eight full days but that it rained some on eight different days.

The cotton crop started in late. It was planted late. It could not be planted early on account of the rains. It was planted fully two weeks late. The rains continued, hence working was late, so it may be safely said that the cotton crop, July 1, was fully three weeks late. The weather in July has still further retarded the crop because of the lack of work and because of so many cool nights.

And in some measure what applies to cotton applies also to the corn crop. It was planted late for the same reasons that cotton was planted late. The corn crop started in fully three weeks behind schedule time. The prospect for a full corn crop is not very bright.

The boll weevil seems to be late accounted for in one way and that is because there were no early squares starting his ravages, but this may be for him to work on.

CLUB CAMP A SUCCESS

July 5, 6, 7 was a gala season for Club Work in Grenada County, the occasion being the annual Club Camp.

On July the 4, a number of public spirited citizens of Grenada assisted in preparing the grounds, pitching tents and making other necessary arrangements for camp on White Lake. By 8 o'clock on the morning of July 5, the streets were literally "alive and working" with enthusiastic young Americans from all parts of the County.

The County Truck and cars furnished by those interested in Club Work were used in transporting these future citizens to the camp site.

At 12 Noon every one was in camp and ready for the meal that had been previously prepared. Thursday afternoon was devoted largely to organization work. Mr. G. C. Mingee and wife of Winona, Messrs. J. E. Tanner, E. C. McInnis, M. McKibben, I. B. Kerlin, Dr. Clanton, and Misses Watson, of Winona, and Freeman of A. & M. College, assisted in the organization and suggestions offered by them contributed largely towards the success of the camp.

A regular program of work and recreation, consisting of class room work, swimming, boating, fishing, hunting, and organized play, was adopted and was carried out on schedule time beginning at 5 A. M. and lasting until 10 P. M.

The order and system of the camp was due to the untiring efforts of the chaperones, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. F. E. Gillon, Mrs. Futhey, Miss Grace Kibler, Messrs. I. B. Kerlin, H. M. Parker, Dave Dogan, and to the fine cooperation shown by all Club members. Others who contributed to the success of the camp were: Messrs. Volney Nason, Groce Carver, J. B. Keeton, Ed James, J. H. Henley, W. A. Nail, F. E. Gillon, Board of Supervisors, and others who furnished transportation for Club Members and supplies: To Messrs. Curle, Holman, Minter, and Whitaker who furnished tents and boats: To Mr. T. C. Staten who furnished wagon, team and lumber: and to Mr. Shaw and others from Holcomb who assisted in catching fish for the crowd.

There were 77 Club girls and boys. These with the chaperones, assistants and cooks made a total of about 100 people who participated in the camp.

The verdict rendered by all in attendance was that the camp was, in every way a success. XXX

SUIT TO BREAK WILL BY DR. SCRUGGS

Suit Filed in Chancery Court of Hinds County to Break Will of the Late Mrs. Scruggs. Claims Paper He Signed Really Meant Nothing and that He Felt at the Time that There Would Soon be a Reconciliation. Got Only \$1500. in Cash and Two Lots in Memphis Worth \$2200.

A bill has been filed in the Chancery Court of Hinds County at Jackson by Flowers and Brown and Ed. Brewer, attorneys for Dr. S. D. Scruggs, which seeks to enjoin the Merchants Bank & Trust Co., of Jackson, as provided in the will of the late Mrs. S. D. Scruggs (Miss Lucy B. Lea), from executing the will and disposing of the estate of the said Mrs. Scruggs as provided in the will. The bill contains eight type written pages.

Owing to the prominence of the parties and their long residence in Grenada and their intimate association with the people of Grenada, the litigation initiated will be watched with more than ordinary interest by a great many not only in Grenada but in other parts of the State.

Among other things the bill sets forth that the estate of Mrs. Scruggs, at the time Dr. Scruggs signed, as the bill states, the "so-called agreement" that the estate of Mrs. Scruggs was worth "approximately \$200,000.00" and Dr. Scruggs therefore sets forth that his interest in the same is \$100,000.00. Dr. and Mrs. Scruggs were married Aug. 10, 1910.

Dr. Scruggs avers in his bill that when he married that he had a practice that paid him from \$2500. to \$5000. per year, and property worth from \$15,000. to \$20,000. all of which was practically gone when he left the Scruggs home and he states that at his advanced age he was found it impossible almost to rehabilitate his practice.

A royal legal battle may be looked for before the matter is ended. Green and Green of Jackson are made attorneys for the execution of the will.

The following are same excerpts from the bill filed by Dr. Scruggs' attorneys:

"Respondent denies that he has no interest in the estate of the said deceased; denies that he has relinquished his interest in the said estate as the husband of the said Mrs. Scruggs. He admits that he did affix his signature to the so-called agreement, but he denies that there was any consideration for the execution of the said instrument; denies that it was entered into voluntarily by him; denies that it was intended at the time to have the effect now attributed to it by the complainant."

That they lived happily together for seven or eight years and entertained and demonstrated for each other the utmost affection; that this state of mutual affection and happiness continued as long as they lived alone and there was never any break in or disturbance of these relations until certain of the collateral relatives of his said wife began to interest themselves in this respondent's domestic affairs, from which time on, extending over a few months, respondent observed that his wife was going away from him though from what cause he was not advised. He shows that one of the said collateral relatives had respondent's wife to visit him in Chicago and that upon her return accompanied by her said relative Mr. John H. Dinkins, respondent found that she did not entertain for him the same affection she had formerly manifested."

"Respondent further shows that there existed no grounds for divorce; that there was no charge made against him of unkindness or of unfaithfulness, or disloyalty and that he was guilty of no such breaches of the marriage obligation, or breaches (Continued on page 5)

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Supervisors of Grenada County, Miss., at the office of the Chancery Clerk, Grenada, until 11:00 o'clock A. M. Saturday, August 11, 1923 and at that time publicly opened for Federal aid project No. 147, the same being a part of State Trunk Road No. between Grenada and Calhoun City.

The length of road to be improved or constructed is 7.672 miles and the principal items of work are approximately as follows:

11.87 acres Clearing and Grubbing
25254.0 cu yds Common Excavation.
70644.0 cu yds Borrow Excavation
245.0 lin ft 18" T. S. V. C. Pipe
412.24 cu yds Class "A" Concrete in culverts
16.64 cu yds Class "C" Concrete in culverts
41692.0 lbs. Reinforcing steel in culverts
7.672 miles Bermuda sod

BRIDGES

485.83 cu yds Class "A" Concrete
52690.0 lbs. Reinforcing steel
768.0 lin ft Foundation piling
249444.0 ft B M Cressed lumber
12640.0 ft B M Untreated lumber
10984.0 lin ft Cressed piling
201.5 sq yds Concrete paving
561.0 cu yds Gravel, 1 mile haul
17776.9 units Gravel, 1/2 mile over haul
308.0 lin ft Concrete railing
1.0 100 ft Steel span complete except floor.

Plans and specifications are on file in the office of the State Highway Engineer at Jackson and in the office of the Chancery Clerk, in the Court House, Grenada, Miss.

Any additional information may be secured from the State Highway Engineer, Jackson, Miss. The right to reject any or all bids is reserved. Cash or certified check for \$5,000.00 made payable to Board of Supervisors of Grenada County must accompany each bid as evidence of good faith and as a guarantee that if awarded contract, the bidder will execute the contract and give bond as required.

H. C. DIETZER,
State Highway Engineer

NOTICE OF SALE.

Whereas, Mat Arnold and his wife, Mary, on the 25th day of January, 1922, executed and delivered to the undersigned as Trustee a deed of trust on the land herein-after described, to secure certain indebtedness therein mentioned, to the Bank of Holcomb, which deed of trust is of record in Book 58 at Page 305 of the records of mortgages on land in Grenada County, State of Mississippi, and which deed of trust was a renewal of a deed of trust from the same parties to the Bank of Holcomb of date December 21st, 1920, recorded in Book 58 at Page 216 of the record of land mortgages of Grenada County, Mississippi, and which last mentioned deed of trust was a renewal of a deed of trust from the same parties to the Bank of Holcomb of date January 17th, 1920, recorded in Book 58 at Page 143 of the record of land mortgages of Grenada County, Mississippi; and whereas the last mentioned deed of trust of date January 17th, 1920 described the land therein conveyed as follows: "The following land in the County of Grenada, Mississippi, viz: West half of the southeast quarter and northeast quarter of the southwest quarter of Sec. 17, Township 21, Range 3 east. Intending to convey hereunder all land we or any of us own therein whether herein described or not; and whereas the grantors therein did at the date of the execution and delivery of said deed of trust own the following land in said Grenada County, Mississippi, to-wit: Northeast quarter of northeast quarter of Sec. 7, Township 21, Range 3 east; which last described subdivision of land the beneficiary and the grantors in said deed of trust expected and intended to be conveyed in said deed of trust, and which under the provisions of said deed of trust was embraced in and therein conveyed; and which lands were embraced in and properly described in the subsequent renewals of said deed of trust. And whereas the indebtedness secured by said above deed of trust is past due and unpaid, and having been requested by the owner and holder of said indebtedness secured by said deed of trust to execute the trust contained therein: Notice is hereby given that I will as such Trustee, on the 28th day of July 1923, offer for sale and sell at the east door of the court house in the City of Grenada, Grenada County, State of Mississippi, within legal hours, at public outcry, to the highest bidder for cash the following described real estate to-wit:

West half of southeast quarter and northeast quarter of southwest quarter of Section 17, Township 21, Range 3 east, and northeast quarter of northeast quarter of Section 7 Township 21 Range 3 east, in Grenada County, State of Mississippi. Title to said property is believed to be good but I will convey only such title as is vested in me as such trustee.

This the 2nd day of July, A. D. 1923.

B. C. ADAMS,

Trustee

7-6-4t pd

SEALED BIDS

The Board of Trustees of the Grenada City Schools will receive sealed bids for the construction of approximately four thousand feet (4000 ft) of concrete walk at the new high school building. Specifications can be obtained from the secretary of the board, W. D. Salmon. No bids received after July 27th.

J. B. Perry, President,
7-13-3t W. D. Salmon, Secretary.

NOTICE TO ROAD CONTRACTORS

Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Supervisors of Grenada County, Miss., at the Court House, Grenada until 11:00 o'clock A. M. Saturday, August 11, 1923, and at that time publicly opened for the construction of Federal Aid Project No. 140, the same being a part of State Trunk Road No. between Grenada and Charleston.

The length of road to be improved or constructed is 15.831 miles and the principal items of work are approximately as follows:

3.86 Acres Clearing and Grubbing.
56846.0 Cu. Yds. Common Excavation.
108223.0 Cu. Yds. Borrow Excavation.
382.5 Lin. Ft. 18" T. S. V. C. Pipe
24.96 Cu. Yds. Class "C" Concrete in culverts.
533.87 Cu. Yds. Class "A" Concrete in culverts.
52611.0 Lbs. Reinforcing steel in culverts.
4974.0 Ft. B. M. Cressed lumber in culverts.
160.0 Ft. B. M. Untreated lumber in culverts.
320.0 Lbs. Ft. Cressed piling in culverts.
10.0 Miles Bermuda sod
2241.0 Cu. Yds. Gravel, 1 mile haul
33251.0 Lbs. Gravel, 1/2 mile over haul

BRIDGES OVER 20' SPAN:
276.17 Cu. Yds. Class "A" Concrete in culverts.
22070.0 Lbs. Reinforcing steel.
228248.0 Ft. B. M. Cressed lumber.
11059.0 Ft. B. M. Untreated lumber
11176.0 Lin. Ft. Cressed piling.
756.0 Lin. Ft. Foundation piling.
19087.0 Lbs. Structural steel
82.0 Lin. Ft. Concrete railing

Bids will also be received at the same time for furnishing surfacing gravel delivered at the nearest unloading points. Plans and specifications are on file in the office of the State Highway Department at Jackson and in the office of the Chancery Clerk in the Court House, Grenada, Miss. Any additional information may be secured from the State Highway Engineer, Jackson, Miss. The right to reject any or all bids is reserved.

Bidders bond or certified check for \$5000.00 made payable to Board of Supervisors of Grenada County must accompany each bid as evidence of good faith and as a guarantee that if awarded contract, the bidder will execute the contract and give bond as required.

H. C. DIETZER,
State Highway Engineer

7-20-4t

NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS

To The Tax Payers of Grenada County, Mississippi.

You will please take notice that the assessments of real and personal property on the rolls for 1923 have been changed and corrected by this Board so as to comply with the laws of this State, and that said revised rolls are now open for examination, and that any objections to any assessments contained in said revised rolls must be made in writing and filed with the Clerk of this Board on or before the first Monday of August, 1923, at his office in the City of Grenada, said county, and that any, or all assessments to which no objection is then and there made will be made final.

The Board of Supervisors of Grenada County.

7-20-3t By J. B. Keeton, Clerk.

Courtship Blindness

Is what you are doing when you neglect twitching, watery, bloodshot, sore eyes. Leonard's Golden Eye Lotion cures nearly every eye disease. Cools, heals and strengthens. Get "Leonard's." It makes strong eyes. Guaranteed or money refunded. All druggists sell it.

Sold by 2d Class Drug Store.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
(© 1923 Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR JULY 22

JOHN THE APOSTLE

LESSON TEXT—Luke 9:49-56; John 19:25-27; 1 John 4:7, 8.
GOLDEN TEXT—"God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."—1 John 4:16.
REFERENCE MATERIAL—Mark 1:14-20; John 12:21-25; Acts 4:13-30; Rev. 1:9.

PRIMARY TOPIC—The Disciple Whom Jesus Loved.
JUNIOR TOPIC—John, the Beloved Disciple.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—John, the Bosom Friend of Jesus.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—A Character Study of John.

I. His Intolerance of Irregular Service (Luke 9:49, 50).

John was conscientious in his intolerance of this disciple. There seems to have been no question but what the man was really casting out devils, even though he did not possess the same credentials as the twelve apostles. There seems to have been no question as to the reality of the truth which this disciple taught or the work he did. The same spirit has been manifested all through the Christian centuries. Whoever witnesses truly of Christ and does His work has God's recognition. Christ rebuked John's intolerance and declared that "he that is not against us is for us." May we everywhere show the same consideration to those who are doing the Lord's work even though they are not members of our particular church.

II. John's Righteous Indignation (Luke 9:51-56).

1. Jesus' Face Set Toward Jerusalem (vv. 51-53). He knew what was before Him. He knew the awful fate awaiting Him at Jerusalem. Even though the dark shadow of the cross hung across his path, He resolutely moved Himself for the ordeal. The cross was no accident. The supreme purpose of His coming was to save the world through His sacrificial death. This was in the plan of God from all eternity. The cross is the grand center of the Christian religion. Everyone who follows Jesus must take up his cross.

2. The Inhospitalable Samaritans (v. 53). The Lord was to pass through that city on His way to Jerusalem. When the people discerned that His face was set for Jerusalem they refused hospitality to Him. This insult to the Lord so enraged the apostles that John and James felt they desired to call down fire from heaven to destroy the Samaritans. It was John's love to his Lord that prompted this suggestion. Christ rebuked him and corrected his spirit, but He knew that it proceeded from a heart of love. Love will brook no insult to its object. Mistaken love has done much harm in the church. The pages of history are red with the blood of heretics, to the everlasting shame of the persecutors. Persecution is not the way to deal with those who differ with us. The spirit is not only wrong, but it is futile, for the blood of the martyrs has always become the seed of the church. May Christ's rebuke to John take from our hearts the spirit of intolerance and revenge. Jesus came not to destroy men, but to save them.

III. John's Care of Christ's Mother (John 19:25-27).

1. Jesus Saw His Mother (v. 26). Perhaps His physical suffering had so dimmed His vision that He had not seen her before. But even His death agonies did not cause Him to forget her. While engaged in the redemption of the world, He displayed His tender human interest in this beautiful act. The cross is the center from which love flows.

2. John Took Mary to His Own Home (v. 27). The same John who wished to call down fire upon the inhospitalable Samaritans now was engaged in the tenderest act of human affection. He was caring for the mother of his Lord. The reason Jesus entrusted her to John was that He knew his real heart of love. He knew that John's experience was such that he could enter into full sympathy with her in her great sorrow.

IV. Test of Divine Birth (1 John 4:7, 8).

John's experiences in life were such that now near the close of his life he declared that the supreme test of fellowship in the divine life is love. Love is the bond of perfection—the cord that binds all virtues into one harmonious bundle. All the fruits of the Christian life spring out of this root. God is love. All that is good and beautiful in our lives is but the very life of God flowing through us.

So With All Men.

All men think all mortal but themselves.—Young.

Religion Is Necessary.

Genius, without religion, is only a lamp on the outer gate of a palace; it may serve to cast a gleam of light on those that are without, while the inhabitant is in darkness.—H. More.

Fortune of Complaint.

The usual fortune of complaint is to excite contempt more than pity.—Johnson.

Must Count on Christ.

All history is incomprehensible without Christ.—Renan.

The Patient Home-Maker

By ELLA SAUNDERS

(© 1923 Western Newspaper Union.)

IF MARY Winston had not been in love with her husband, of course she would never have done what she did. But she was one of those women who, having made their vows, remain constant to them for life. That was why.

That was why, having gathered up the dust and given the last flick to the whisk-broom, and having put the clothes in the hopper for the morrow's washing, she was bustling about her kitchen, looking after the meal.

"John likes stuffed roast beef," she thought. "He'll enjoy his dinner."

The telephone rang. With a little gesture of apprehension, she went to it and took down the receiver.

"Oh, all right, dear," she said. "Then I'll have a little supper for you instead. So sorry you're detained at the office."

She hung up the receiver and stood with clasped hands in the middle of the room. "Dear God," she prayed, "some day, in Thine own good time, give me back my husband."

About an hour after this John Winston was sitting in a cafe with a very beautiful woman. He was comparing her with Mary. He thought of Mary's graying hair, of the hollows under her eyes, and the crow's-feet—he could never stand for wrinkled women. Mary's forehead had three seams in it, too. And she dressed so carelessly.

Then he thought of Mary as she had been when he was courting her. A pretty girl—but not as pretty as Minnie Clark, the movie actress, with whom he was enjoying a tete-a-tete after an illicit cocktail. He had known Minnie about a year, and there had been intimacies of several other Minnies. He laughed loudly at a joke she made.

And about an hour after this, having put out a cold supper for John—John liked ham, Mary remembered—the wife sat down in the arm-chair with a magazine to wait for him. On the wall there hung a photograph of John as he had been twenty years ago. "A woman ages faster than a man," Mary was thinking. And an infinitely tender thought came to her:

"John's getting old and he doesn't know it. What will he do, what would he have done if I hadn't cared?"

And she prayed again: "Dear God, let my heart not change toward my husband, and turn him back to me in Thy good time."

And about an hour after this Minnie Clark was leaning forward over her cigarette and laughing.

"Oh, that love junk's pretty ancient, Johnny," she said. "You're not so young as you were, you know. Go home to your wife and forget it, Johnny!"

John Winston gazed at her speechlessly for half a minute. There was a large mirror with a gilt edge hanging upon the wall of the restaurant opposite. He saw himself in it. How gray his hair was getting!

He had never thought of himself as growing old—like Mary. Yet now, as if by some trick of illumination, he saw himself looking into the face of an old man. He saw the crow's-feet radiating from the corners of his eyes, the deep lines down his face, at the edges of the nostrils. And there were three parallel lines along his forehead. Odd that he had never noticed them!

He looked at Minnie, and she looked curiously back at him.

"I believe I will. Thank you for reminding me, Minnie," he said.

And about an hour after that John Winston let himself into his apartment. From the door he could see his wife sitting in her chair. How like the girl he had loved and married!

She came forward and kissed him. "I hope you aren't hungry, dear," she said. "I've put out some cold ham for you; it's that brand you always liked. And there's potato salad, and I've warmed the rolls."

John Winston sat down and made a pretense of eating. Painfully he was conscious that something had happened to him. It was as if scales had fallen from his eyes. He felt unworthy and utterly abashed.

"Mary," he said, "do you know next week's our wedding anniversary? What would you like? A trip to Atlantic City?"

"A—husband, John," said Mary, trying to speak calmly. "My husband!" His voice choked. "Mary, would you take him back?"

"I've always waited for him," said Mary softly, as she felt his arms envelop her.

What Interested Him.

Major Muggs, ex-Indian army, was playing his usual 18 holes before lunch, but was a usual way below his usual standard, making many bad shots.

In consequence of this his temper, never one of the best, became somewhat ruffled, and his anger increased when he noticed that a laborer was following from hole to hole. At last the major could stand it no longer.

"What the — are you looking at?" he burst out.

"Looking, sir?" replied the laborer. "I ain't looking; I'm listening."—London Tit-Bits.

Subtle Comparison

Avery's little brother was too small to keep up with the rest of the boys on their hikes, and Avery did not want him.

"Go on," he said, "we'd have a stop and wait for him every little while, we might as well take a girl along."



A "Dainty" Birthday



When your little girl has a birthday party, be sure her cake is baked with Valier's Dainty Flour. Then you know it will be light, delicious and wholesome beyond compare.

For there is no flour quite like Dainty. It has a wonderful flavor all its own. And its high quality is always the same. You know how your baking will turn out before you put it in the oven.

Dainty is slowly milled from the choicest soft winter wheat. Try a sack of Dainty today. It's worth more than it costs.

Valier's Dainty Flour
"A Sack of Satisfaction"

When you are thinking of buying good merchandise for less, always think of

SIEGEL'S Dry Goods Store
New Goods and Low Prices

Just received a beautiful line of Ladies' Slippers, any style and size. Come and see them

Ladies' Shoes
Dresses
Skirts
Blouses
Underwear

Men's Shoes
Men's Shirts
Men's Pants
Men's Overalls
Men's Hats

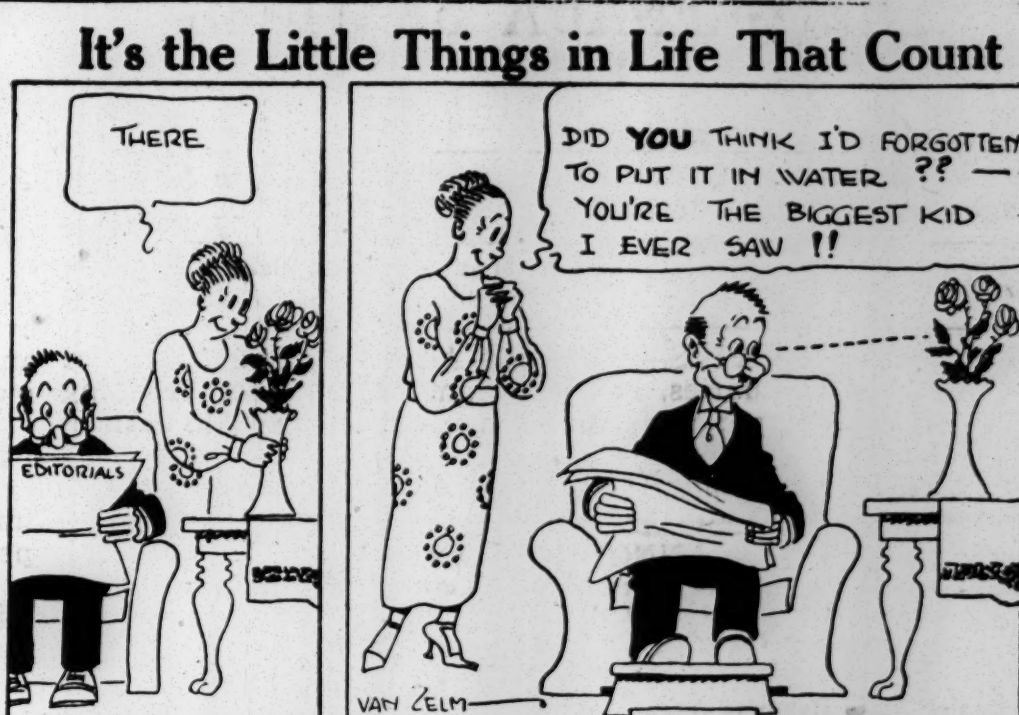
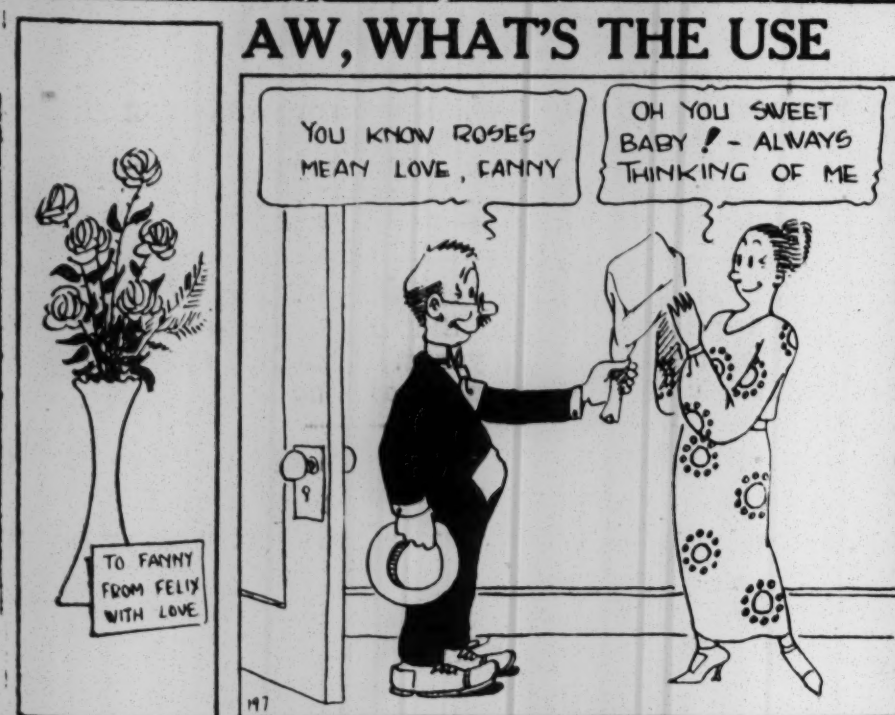
and everything you need

We Dress the Whole family for Less

Siegel's Dry Goods Store

Queen Rose Flour

AW, WHAT'S THE USE

By L. F. Van Zelm
© Western Newspaper Union

It's the Little Things in Life That Count

CLASSIFIED ADS

Rates—2½¢ per word for each insertion payable strictly in advance. No advertisement accepted for less than 50¢.

We are paying 35 cents for first grade cream. Can and check returned same day received. The Willow Springs Creamery, 804 S. Main, Memphis, Tenn. tf.

666 quickly relieves Constipation, Biliousness, Headaches, Colds and Lagrippe.

Wanted to Rent—House or rooms close in. Want on or before Sept. 1. See Hurd Horton at Threefoot Cotton office. 7-13-24

For Sale—75 bushels of corn cheap. See Mrs. Ida Nason. 7-20-24

Just received a few Onyx white silk hose red, green, blue clox. Heath Bros. Shoe Store.

666 cures Malaria, Chills and Fever, Dengue or Bilious Fever. It destroys the germs.

Wanted for Stave Bolt Job—Loaders, swamper, drivers and bolt cutters. Wages \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00 per day and board. Good, new, clean camp. J. D. Hollingshead Company, Crowder, Miss. 7-13-24

For Sale at a Bargain—1 pair bay mules, medium order, well matched and gaited, fine pullers, weigh about 2400 lbs. 9 years old. Shelton Bros., Derma, Miss. 7-20-24

New Fall slippers in Grey, Beige Field Mouse, suede stocks with neat dressy heels. Heath Bros. Shoe Store.

For Sale—Can you beat it? 15% net investment on \$3000. in two well located cottages. Jno. George, Real Estate.

New crop turnip seed, 9 varieties, 5½¢ per pound. 2d Class Drug Store. 7-13-24

You will find several new numbers in Fall slippers shown at Heath Bros. Shoe Store.

If D. S. Amyett will call at Grenada Opera House he will be given a ticket to "Adam's Rib," with an all-star cast, which will be shown Tuesday and Wednesday, July 24-25.

MRS. COGBILL IS ENTHUSIASTIC

Pine Bluff Woman Praises Stella Vitae for Building Up Her System.

"I just can't praise Stella Vitae enough for the wonderful way it built me up and made me a strong, healthy woman," said Mrs. Lucile Cogbill, Route 7, Box 61, Pine Bluff, Ark.

"For some time I had been going down hill and was getting weaker every day. My nerves were all unstrung and I couldn't half sleep at night. My digestion was poor and I felt tired and worn out all the time. I took medicine after medicine, but nothing helped me at all and I was beginning to fear I was in for a complete breakdown.

"I heard so much about Stella Vitae I decided to try it, and now I hardly know anything was ever the matter with me at all."

Stella Vitae may be obtained from any druggist and the purchase price will be refunded if it fails to bring relief.

COUE TO ONE SIDE

Every day in every way we're getting stronger and stronger. Orders are coming from merchants and individuals alike for Spiva's One Night Itch Remedy in an ever increasing flow. The reasons are, it does the work. Also, "One Night is Right." One dollar at your drug store or sent direct.—Anona Co., Jacksonville, Tenn.

THE PERILS OF POOR HEALTH

A Forerunner of a General Breakdown That May Put You Out of the Running for Life.

Quickest Way to Get Well is Through New Treatment Containing Seventeen Ingredients That Renew Every Part of the Body.

If you feel sickly and good-for-nothing, have a sort of dizziness, dull headache, back pain, rheumatism, and are subject to indigestion or constipation, have no appetite and can't sleep, watch out! There is grave danger ahead!

Any remedy that will give temporary relief to pain and dope you up for a time simply postpones the final spell and makes it worse when it comes. This is why a complete systematic treatment is necessary to regain good health.

This complete treatment is found only in a prescription known as Re-Cu-Ma, which contains seventeen well known and thoroughly tested medicines, so skillfully compounded that each one performs its function on the various parts of the body perfectly and harmoniously.

This remarkable prescription thoroughly cleanses the colon of its accumulation of poisonous refuse, discharging it through the proper channel instead of allowing it to course through your veins and empty into your body. The colon, according to Prof. Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, is the direct cause of all our aches and pains. In addition, Re-Cu-Ma starts the liver to work pleasantly and naturally without gripping or purging, purifies and strengthens the blood, thus building firm, healthy, rosy flesh that is free from pimples and other blemishes, relieves rheumatic and back pains, gives you a digestion that enables you to eat anything you like without fear of bad after effects and you sleep like a log. In a word, Re-Cu-Ma is a scientific prescription that revives, renews and regenerates your entire system so that you feel constantly full of pep and ambition. Re-Cu-Ma is sold and recommended by 2nd Class Drug Store and other good drug stores, and if you don't feel a decided change in your condition, after taking according to directions, you get your money back. Advertisement.

ORIENTAL RUG AT SHARP'S

There may be seen on display in the window of Sharp Furniture Co. a genuine Oriental rug. It is a beautiful specimen and its texture is of the finest. The rug was imported from China and is a splendid example of Oriental skill in the art of weaving. Those who have not seen it should not fail to stop and view the pattern.

PUBLIC SPEAKING AT CARPENTER'S STORE TOMORROW (SATURDAY)

The Sentinel understands that an invitation has come from some of the citizens at Carpenter's store to the legislative candidates to make addresses there tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. It is presumed that the candidates for floater-representative and perhaps Hon. W. A. Winter as well as Hon. B. S. Elliott, and Mr. C. C. White will be on hand.

CARD OF THANKS

We desire to make public acknowledgment of our gratefulness for the many expressions of sympathy and condolence and the many kindnesses shown us during our great bereavement in the loss of our dear daughter and sister. Those who have been so good to us have helped to lessen our grief and we pray God's blessing on you all.

Sincerely,
J. L. Kibler
Grace Kibler
Grenada, Miss., July 18, 1923.

DeLOACH FAMILY EXPRESS APPRECIATION

We were deeply touched by the many evidences of sympathy and love that were manifested when we brought the body of our Mother whose spirit had just gone away to Grenada to be laid away in that beautiful spot besides those of her husband and father. God is love and we saw Him manifested that day once again by Grenada people. We were especially touched by the gentle, gracious and loving words said by Bro. Tucker at the grave. Our Mother was a good Mother. God has called her home. May the gentle rays of heaven and the smiling face of our Savior ever light the pathway of all.

Mrs. E. S. Lewis,
Mrs. W. T. Johnson,
Mrs. J. O. Crider,
P. L. H. L. and R. G. DeLoach
Greenwood, Miss., July 17, 1923.

JOINT MEETING OF MISSIONARY SOCIETIES

The ladies of the two adult missionary societies of the Methodist church held a social meeting at the church on Monday afternoon. The members of the missionary societies at Holcomb and Gore Springs were invited to meet with them. The meeting was held in the Sunday School room which had been made attractive with many beautiful flowers and plants. Fifty ladies were present and most inspiring and helpful program was given. All the different phases of missionary work were explained and the members urged to be more active and zealous in their work both at home and abroad. At the conclusion of the programs the ladies were invited to take seats on the church lawn where a pleasant social hour was spent and delicious refreshments were served.

DEMOCRATIC EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE TO MEET MONDAY

A meeting of the Democratic Executive Committee of Grenada County is hereby called to be held at the court house in Grenada next Monday morning, July 23, at 10 o'clock. The law requires the Committee to meet fifteen days before a primary election and it is hoped that all members will be present.

O. F. LAWRENCE, Chairman
B. D. NEWSOM, Secy.
Grenada, Miss., July 18, 1923.

Frequent Headaches

"I suffered with chronic constipation that would bring on very severe headaches," says Mrs. Stephen H. Kinser, of R. F. D. 1, Cripple Creek, Va. "I tried different medicines and did not get relief. The headaches became very frequent. I heard of

Thedford's BLACK-DRAUGHT

and took it for a headache, and the relief was very quick, and it was so long before I had another headache. Now I just keep the Black-Draught, and don't let myself get in that condition."

Thedford's Black-Draught (purely vegetable) has been found to relieve constipation, and by stimulating the action of the liver, when it is torpid, helps to drive many poisons out of your system. Biliousness, indigestion, headache, and similar troubles are often relieved in this way. It is the natural way. Be natural! Try Black-Draught. Sold everywhere.

E 91

Sweet Dreams "A Godsend"

That's What a Big Banker Said About This Wonderful Mosquito Remedy.

We all know that bankers aren't given to idle talk and that their praises are few but forceful. Pointing to a bottle of Sweet Dreams in a drug store at Montgomery, Ala., the president of one of the leading banks of that city said: "That mosquito remedy is a Godsend." He knew for he had just returned from a vacation at a Gulf Coast resort where he had just given Sweet Dreams a most severe test. And he said it was a "Godsend." You can get a bottle just like the banker had. Your druggist awaits your order. Liberal red-top bottles, 50¢, or 2 bottles for \$1.00.

Suffer from sunburn?
MENTHOLATUM
cools and heals.

THE SHADOW OF DISEASE

Chills and malarial fevers cast a shadow over your life. Do not fear these slayers of health and strength.

LEONARD'S CHILL REMEDY AND IRON TONIC stops them. It slays the germs of this infection. It restores strength and health.

This preparation is pleasant to take, does not upset the stomach, affect the heart or the hearing.

LEONARD'S CHILL REMEDY AND IRON TONIC is sold on a money back guarantee. Demand LEONARD'S from your druggist.

Sold by 2d Class Drug Store.

Nothing Could Be More Timely Than the Announcement that

Allison's Wells the Famous Mississippi Health Resort, is now beginning its forty-fourth year of hospitality and entertainment.

If you feel the need of recreation and rest or if you are run-down, tired out and weakened from over-exertion or the effects of malaria, stomach or kidney, liver and bladder troubles, there is no better place in the South for you to go than Allison's. The qualities which have made

Allison's popular and which are keeping it so—are its old-fashioned hospitality, its comfortable and convenient service, its splendid meals and its wonderful water. Hundreds of prominent Mississippians are enthusiastic in their endorsement of this splendid mineral water. It is Nature's own alternative and has relieved and helped thousands who are suffering from the ailments for which it is recommended.

ALLISON'S WELLS

Mineral Water---Hotel---Hot Sulphur Baths

An Ideal Place for your Vacation

Write or Wire

D. C. LATIMER & COMPANY
Way, Mississippi

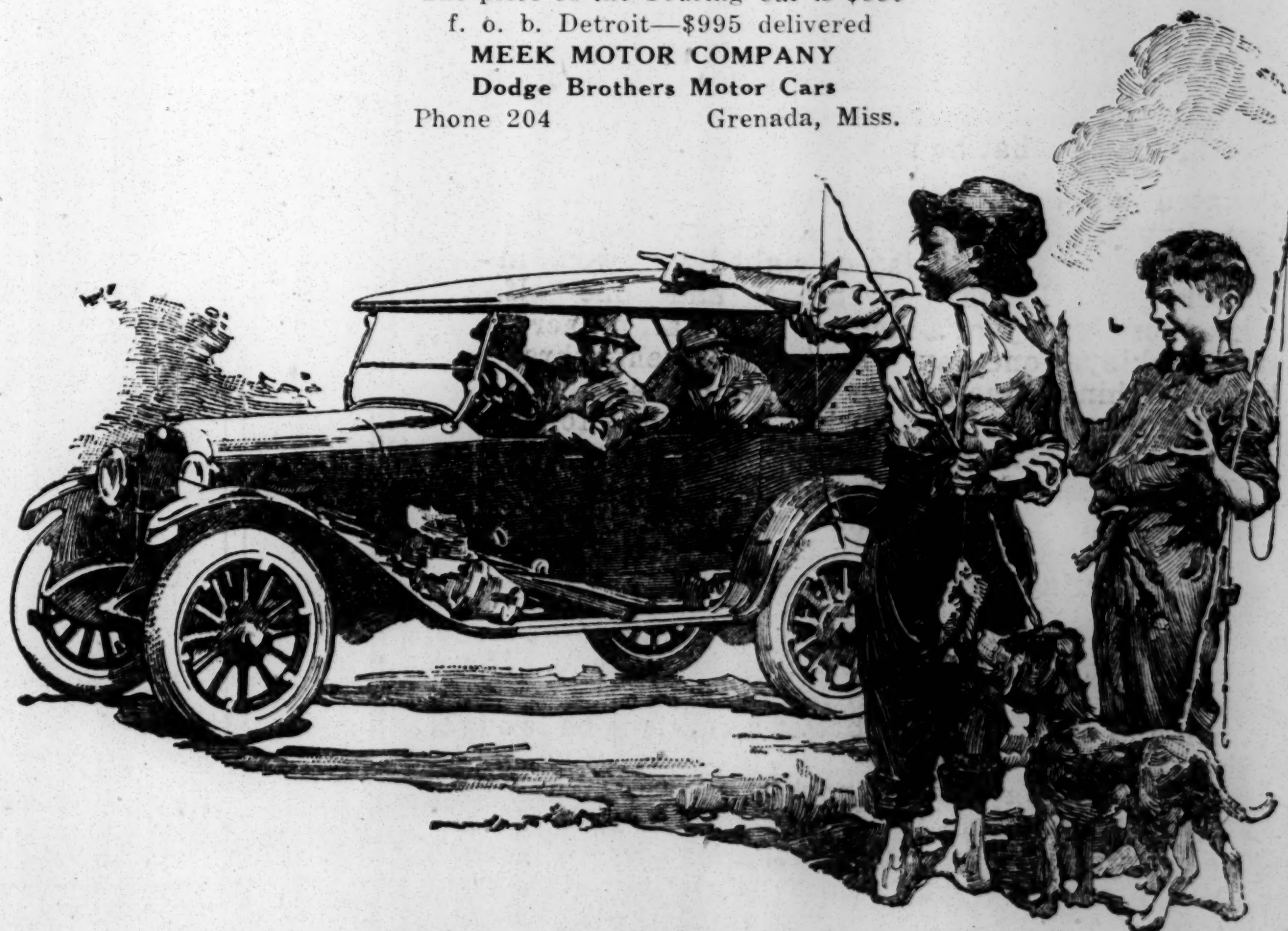
DODGE BROTHERS TOURING CAR

In the cool of a Summer morning, it is gratifying to take your seat at the wheel, conscious that the Touring Car will do your bidding faithfully the long day through.

It is that time-tried dependability—so vital to the pleasure and economy of motoring—which, more than any single factor, has endeared Dodge Brothers Touring Car to so many hundreds of thousands of owners.

One-eighth of the total weight of the car consists of chrome vanadium steel. Many more pieces of alloy steel are used in vital parts than normal wear requires.

The price of the Touring Car is \$880 f. o. b. Detroit—\$995 delivered
MEEK MOTOR COMPANY
Dodge Brothers Motor Cars
Phone 204 Grenada, Miss.



THE GRENADA SENTINEL

O. F. LAWRENCE, EDITOR
G. M. LAWRENCE, PUBLISHER
GRENADA, MISSISSIPPI

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Six Months \$1.00

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THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF GRENADA COUNTY

ADVERTISING RATES—Classified Advertisements, Cards of Thanks, Obituaries, In Memoriams, and other reading notices 2½¢ per word for each insertion, payable cash in advance.
Display advertising rates furnished on application.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Sentinel is authorized to make the following announcements subject to the Democratic primaries in August:

For Lieutenant Governor	J. W. Wood	For Circuit Clerk	V. R. James (reelection)
Dennis Murphree of Pittsboro		For Tax Assessor	David A. Williams
For State Revenue Agent	Stokes V. Robertson (for re-election)	For Supervisor, District 1	Kemp Mattingly (reelection)
State Superintendent of Education	W. F. Bond (for re-election)	For Supervisor, District 2	J. H. James (for reelection)
For Railroad Commissioner	Northern District	For Supervisor, District 3	W. V. Horton
For District Attorney	David E. Crawley (for reelection)	For Supervisor, District 4	I. G. Rounsaville (for reelection)
For State Senator	W. A. Winter	For Supervisor, District 5	L. L. Haines
For Representative	B. S. Elliott	For Magistrate, District 1	J. A. Gibson
For Floater Representative	M. H. Aldridge (of Montgomery Co.)	For Constable, District 1	Jack Smith
For Sheriff	Dave Doran	For Constable, District 3	J. M. Franklin
For County Superintendent of Public Education	LaFayette Atkinson	For Magistrate, District 5	B. L. Harris, Sr. (for re-election)
For Chancery Clerk	Glen D. Thomas	For Magistrate, District 3	S. W. Simpson
For Floater Representative	T. N. Gore		

THINGS FOR THE FARMER OUT OF JOINT

There seems to be many, many, thousand things out of joint the world over. But what we have particularly in mind just now is that things are peculiarly out of joint for the farmer. The much heralded prosperity of the country is not being enjoyed by the farmer, and as one incontrovertible proof of this fact, note the moving from the farms to the towns, and the unrest throughout the land among the farming classes.

The election of Magnus Johnson in Minnesota, Monday of this week, to the United States, was not a vote for Johnson on a platform of the farmers against existing conditions. In our opinion, the vote was protective of the tariff levied by the Republican party, heavy on the farming class while it pours millions of dollars into the pockets of the wealthy manufacturers.

But regardless of who is to blame for it, there is a cold, deadening among the farmers that calls for the attention of the whole world. The minds of the country, it is everywhere recognized, and has been stated over and over so many thousand times that it would appear needless to repeat it, that the farmer is the midsill of the business success of the balance of the world. Yet there are so many good things that the people admit to be true, while they fail or refuse to measure their conduct and their lives by them. For instance, everybody subscribes to the Ten Commandments and to the Sermon on the Mount, but subscribing is about all many of us do.

There is too much difference between what the farmer sells and what he buys after it is manufactured. The middlemen get the profits while the farmer is sheared clean.

We read just the other day where Irish potatoes were selling for \$7.20 per barrel; whereas only a few hundred miles from there just a few months previously, the farmers could not get \$1. per barrel for potatoes. But when the one dollar per barrel potatoes got into the hands of the middle man, the speculator, he forced the price up. It seems to us that there ought to be a law that would forbid cold storage plants and other middlemen from holding farm products longer than a few weeks or months.

We believe that Mike Conner's Marketing Bill is a step in the right direction towards solving the farmer's problems, and if he is made Governor, we feel sure that Mississippi farmers will be started on the road to better conditions—on the road where they can market what they have systematically and have at least something to say about what shall be paid them for WHAT IS THEIRS; they have very little to say now about fixing the price of the products of their own toil. He believes that what has worked well for California will work for the farmers of Mississippi. The California farmers have a marketing law and have redeemed their farms until there is now only 2 per cent of them under mortgage, while in Mississippi 85 per cent of our farmers sleep in mortgaged homes.

From Henry Ford's Independent, July 14, we quote the following which shows the marked difference between the farmers' products and what he must pay for other things:

"Translated into food, at the prices the farmer gets, it takes sixty-three and one-half dozen, or 762, eggs to pay a plasterer for one day of eight hours work in New York City. It takes seventeen and one-half bushels of corn, or a year's receipts from half an acre, to pay a bricklayer one day. It takes twenty-three chickens weighing three pounds each to pay a painter for one day's work in New York. It requires forty-two pounds of butter or the output from fourteen cows, fed and milked for twenty-four hours, to pay a plumber fourteen dollars a day. To pay a carpenter for one day's work, it takes a hog weighing 175 pounds, representing eight months' feeding and care."

Now we do not pretend to know what ought to be done, but we DO KNOW that something NEEDS to be done. If we want to look at it from a purely selfish viewpoint, it is to the interest of each and every one that better conditions be brought about for the farmer.

Of course the farmer is an important factor in whatever is done for him, himself. He needs to study what others are doing and be prepared for new conditions and new surroundings. He can no more apply methods of business to his farm that were in vogue a third of a century ago than can the merchant, the banker or any other business.

But we repeat that things are out of joint for the farmer. He gets too little for what he sells and is called on to pay too much for what he buys in comparison.

VOTERS FLOCKING TO THE PEOPLE'S FEARLESS CHAMPION

The tide has turned and is sweeping the field for Conner. The evidences of this multiply day by day in ever-increasing volume convincing power.

This is easy of explanation. Conner is clean of life. He has a constructive program. The architect has a complete picture of the great structure in his mind before the first shovel of dirt is removed for the foundations. So with Conner in statecraft. He has studied the state and its institutions in every detail, and has in his mind's eye every piece of legislation and every platform necessary to make the state government a model for an independent and liberty-loving people.

Every effort has been made to becloud this picture in Conner's mind—to sidestep the issues—but he has been as true to this picture and to his purpose as the needle to the pole. He is informing the people of his program and, being informed, the people are rallying to his standard.

Conner has pitched his campaign on a high plane, above clique, faction or section. He purposes to be the tool of no man or set of men, or faction or multiplicity of factions. He is unpurchaseable. He cannot be swerved from the line of duty his enlightened conscience tells him is best for the people as a whole.

His position and record have been misrepresented by over-zealous opponents at times, but he has always refuted such misrepresentations, coming out more than conqueror and pursuing the even tenor of his way.

This completed mental picture being ever before him, he is always ready with a complete and satisfactory answer. The people are learning this just as fast as they come to know Conner.

Study him and learn of him and you will follow him, for he is the outstanding champion of the people's cause in the pending campaign, however much factional candidates and their factional friends may berate to the contrary.

Examine, study this peerless leader.—Hattiesburg American.

SUCH PREACHERS AND PROFESSORS OUGHT TO GO.

Those L. L. D's and college professors who are insisting on teaching evolution to their students should be made to go, and go at once. Those who want to believe that their progenitors came from monkeys or baboons, of course have that privilege—maybe they are right. To talk about animal life coming from a protoplasm disputes the Scriptures and denies God's power and ability. God would hardly have fooled away his time with creating a protoplasm when he could just as easily have made man. And we believe in applying the brass-toed boot to the preacher who believes in monkeying with monkeys just as to the professors.

We fear that some of these men who get their A. B.'s, Ph.D.'s and other degrees feel that they must make an effort to show the world evidences of their great research and study, hence they stride forth on the wooden horse of evolution.

These men forget that when Jesus of Nazareth came to choose his disciples he did not go to the seats of learning, but he went among the humble and the lowly, and that the chiefest among his disciples were merely fishermen.

These men forget what Paul said in 1 Cor. No. 1:27. Listen: "But God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty."

It is not discovery that the world needs as regards the Scriptures, but light and more light, interpreted always with

an eye single to the glory of God rather than to the glory of man.

Mr. Farmer, study Mike Conner's farm marketing proposition.

Conner has taken the bill out of Bilbo.

Mrs. Voter, Miss Voter and Mr. Voter: You are called to vote upon the application of Mr. Blank who seeks to attend to your business for the next four years. The X elects and zero rejects. Be careful in voting and make no mistake.

Attention is called to the communication from "Old Timer" from central Mississippi which appears on first of The Sentinel. "Old Timer" was a red shirt wearer in the days of '75.

MAGNIFICENT FLOUR



Look Pleasant Please!

Don't you cherish your old album as one of your most enjoyable possessions? How often do you turn to those pictures of bygone days.

Why not buy a camera and start a picture record today of your loved ones. Nothing that you can possess will give you more pleasure than a camera.

They cost but little and as time goes on, money could not buy the pictures that you have taken of your dear ones.

For anything in the Drug Store line—

We carry a full line of goods for taking and making COME TO US FOR IT.

WHIT-DYRE DRUG CO.

(Formerly FATHERREE DRUG COMPANY)

The Mail Order Houses

are Getting Too Much Business from Grenada and This Trade Territory---

The Business Houses of Grenada can keep these dollars right here where they rightfully belong if they'll properly advertise their wares and keep their names constantly before the people

Try using advertising space in this paper every week and you'll be both surprised and pleased at the results

Phone 26 and let's talk it over

The Grenada Sentinel

Established 1857

SUIT TO BREAK

WILL BY DR. SCRUGGS
(Continued from page 1)

of any other nature; that when asked to sign the said agreement he was unwilling to sign it and did sign only for the purpose of placing his said wife and of satisfying her for the present as she was not then in very good health, she being subject to heart attacks, and he desired to do whatever would please her and not disturb or exercise her, he thinking at the time and contemplating that her attitude was only temporary and that when the whim had passed or the influences that created it were removed the original and uniform affectionate relations between himself and his wife would be reinstated."

"But his great purpose was to do what his said wife was represented as wanting him to do. And he signed the said agreement unwillingly, not voluntarily, without any fair consideration or any consideration and only for the purpose of pleasing his said wife. At the same time the demand was made upon him that he leave the home where he and his wife had lived happily for seven years and he was not allowed to see or communicate with her. The conditions were created by the collateral relatives and other persons acting with them which made it impossible for him to live in peace in the said home. And this alleged agreement was proposed to effectuate the purpose of bringing about a separation, this being the principal object in view on the part of those who were influencing respondent's wife. Respondent did not understand at the time that there was any such attitude of mind on the part of the said wife as would be maintained and did not know or contemplate that she would adhere to her position and undertake to enforce the said so-called agreement in any respect."

"Respondent further shows that during the time he was undertaking to manage his wife's plantation near Dublin, said wife had an offer of \$40,000.00 and was inclined to accept the said offer and upon his advice and insistence she declined this offer. And at last through the persistent efforts of respondent, the property was sold for \$40,000.00, a third more than the offer, and the money was paid to him. And he said wife would have been willing to accept for it if left alone."

"And respondent shows further that after it became known that the said property had been sold at this figure the relatives of his said wife became interested in her and devoted considerable attention to her. And from the time the said attention began her affection for this respondent appeared to begin to wane. He reiterates that during the period when they lived alone and were struggling with the said property and undertaking to manage it and get the best out of it he and his said wife lived happily together and she manifested the utmost devotion to him."

"Respondent further shows that

about the year 1915 his said wife upon examination by physicians was found to have chronic nephritis, which, as is usual in such cases, involved the heart."

"When the said negotiations were going on that ended when he signed the paper presented to him he knew that her life was then necessarily in jeopardy and he was convinced then that the trouble was brought upon her and upon him by others; and that others jeopardized her life in their effort to have it so arranged that this respondent would not get part of the property which they, the said collateral kin, desired for themselves."

"And when respondent was forced to leave Grenada and separate from his wife against his own will and as stated, he was angry at her will he had no choice except what was left out of the \$1500.00, \$500.00 of which went to the attorney for this respondent."

"The lot in Memphis which was decided to respondent's daughter was later sold on credit for \$2200.00, about one-half of which has been paid by the purchaser."

"Respondent further shows that the said alleged agreement was without consideration; that it was unfair and inequitable; that it was forced upon him by creating unbearable conditions in his household; that it was not voluntary on his part; that there was no fraud or cause for the separation."

"OLD TIMER" FROM
CENTRAL MISSISSIPPI
(Continued from page 1)

ever he has spoken first because he has no platform and offers no remedy for existing evils and second because he seems to be afraid to attack the common enemy for fear he may lose some votes. This opinion of Mr. Whitfield's timidity in taking a stand upon anything, has become so strong that some wit has remarked in his defense "that he had at least tentatively endorsed the Young Women's Christian Association." The impression seems to be growing that he has not sufficient backbone to meet the present situation, and not sufficient business ability to handle the large business of the state so as to relieve the people from the growing burden of taxation."

"He, Conner, started the race, he was the weakest man in the race, he had no political ring behind him, nor was he backed by any large church. He was so unfortunate as to be elected about 7 o'clock that morning at Natchez, but he presented to the people a constructive platform and a true part of this City. She was ready for exhausting evils. He did know to be dependent and to be very plucky foot down the political brooding over what she regarded as a highway fearing to endorse or oppose a serious condition of her physical any longer about which there was a being, still it seems that her family division of opinion, but he boldly did not regard her as being at all announced his opinion and spared seriously ill. She sat upon the front porch the night before until bed-time, and when the family walked result has been that those who believe in a fighter, those who believe which indicated that she was think-

ing of the impending summons and was ready. She was 34 years old. She was a young woman of many extraordinary traits of character. Her mother died some years ago and left the care of the home to her and her sister, and well did she measure up to this sacred responsibility. She availed herself of every opportunity to attend school and succeeded in preparing herself to teach. She filled a number of responsible positions in connection with school work. She pleased her patrons and secured the love and esteem of those she was teaching. She was patient. She was self-sacrificing. She was considerate and exemplified most beautifully the loveliest traits of true womanhood and of the thoughtful young woman. Thus it would seem that heaven has garnered one of the choicest flowers of earth. When the dark angel of death invades a home, there is always sorrow and heartaches, but it does seem almost a cruel fate to take a young lady who is laboring so hard to show the brighter and better things of life to the world. But there are so many, so

Old Timer from Central Mississippi.

July 16, 1923.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Grenada, Mississippi, will receive sealed bids, to be opened at the Regular August, 1923, meeting of said Board, for the curbing, cutting, storm-sewering and paving of the following respective portions of the following respective streets in said city, according to the plans and specifications and drawings therefor prepared by J. H. Dornah, engineer, and adopted by said Board and on file at the Mayor's Office in said city, namely: (a) Green street from Spring street to the wood block paving on the Public Square, (b) Main street, from Spring street to the wood block paving on the Public Square, (c) Main street, from Second street to the southern end of Main street, the paving on this street to be forty feet wide, being twenty feet on each side of the centre thereof, (d) Line street from north end of intersection of Line and Main streets to the Old Middleton Road, (e) Second street from the I. C. R. R. Crossing to Line street, (f) Doak street, from Depot street to south end of Doak street and Line street from South street to Margin street, (g) South street from Water street to Line street, the paving on this street to be thirty feet wide, being fifteen feet on each side of the centre thereof, (h) Margin street from Commerce street to College Street, and Harvey street, from Main street to College street. The Board reserves the right to reject all bids. Witness our signatures July 16th, 1923.

S. T. Tatum, Mayor.
E. C. Neely, Recorder.

MISS KORALEIGH KIBLER
PASSES TO THE BEYOND

The community was shocked last Sunday morning over the death of Miss Koraleigh Kibler which occurred being so unfortunate as to be cut off about 7 o'clock that morning at Natchez, but he presented to the people a constructive platform and a true part of this City. She was ready for exhausting evils. He did know to be dependent and to be very plucky foot down the political brooding over what she regarded as a highway fearing to endorse or oppose a serious condition of her physical any longer about which there was a being, still it seems that her family division of opinion, but he boldly did not regard her as being at all announced his opinion and spared seriously ill. She sat upon the front porch the night before until bed-time, and when the family walked result has been that those who believe in a fighter, those who believe which indicated that she was think-

very many things connected with her remains were laid away in Odd Fellows cemetery to await the final disposition of an all-wise Creator.

To the grief stricken and sorrow in The Sentinel tenders sincere sympathy.

DR. C. K. BAILEY, Dentist
GRENADA, MISS.
Office over Heath Bros. Store Facing Main Street.

A. S. DUDLEY
DENTIST
Office Main Street
Separate Chair and Instruments for Colored Patients
Buddy Bridge Pads at The Sentinel office.

Magnificent Flour

Hon. Mike Conner



Candidate For Governor

Will make a speech at the Court House in Grenada next Wednesday night, July 26, at 8 o'clock, and he would be mighty glad, if possible, to have every voter in Grenada County to hear him.

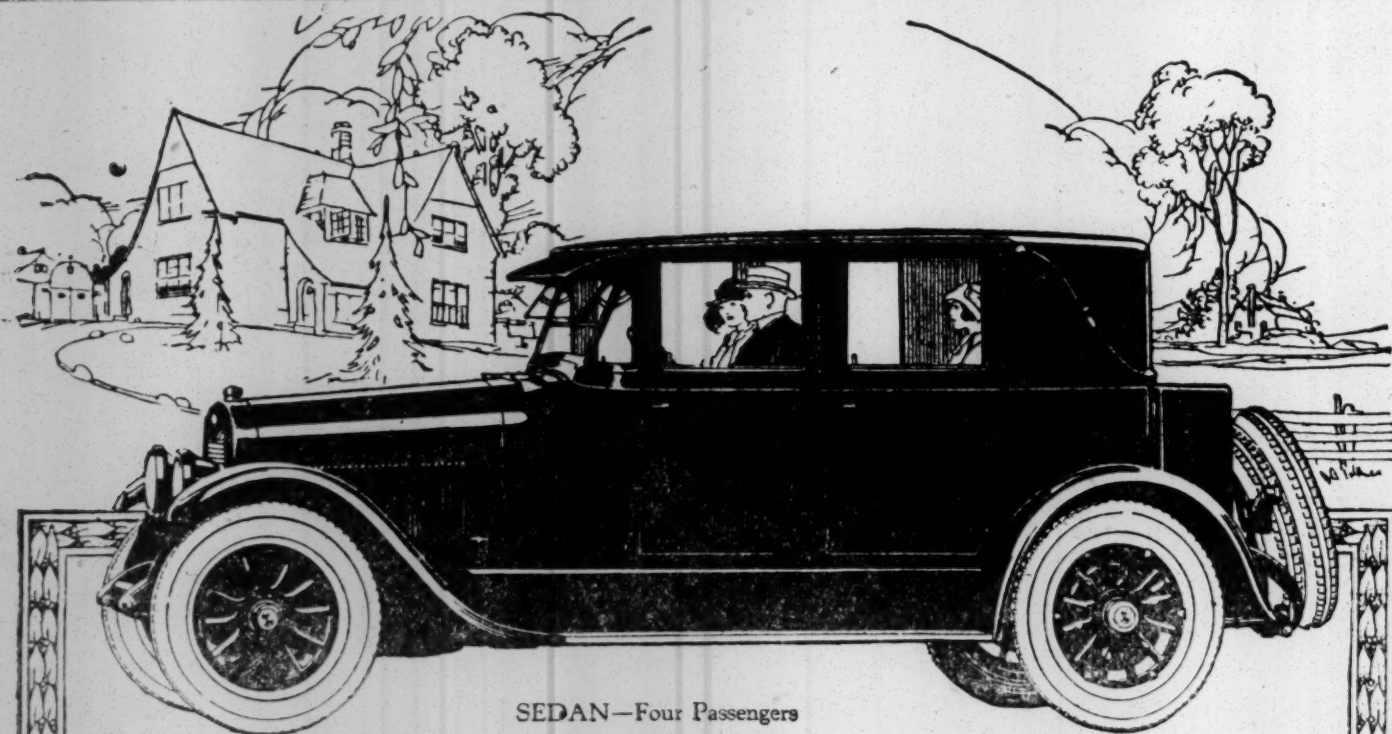
There are some highly important business problems before the people of Mississippi, problems with which the next Governor can do a great deal towards settling properly or problems which he can do much towards making still more complex. Serious business conditions confront the farmers. Every other business and calling is confronted with equally serious things. The people have it in their power at the coming primary to set their faces towards a better day. The running of this State government is one of the biggest things before the people of the State. Are you interested?

Mr. Conner makes a statesmanlike appeal to the people. He discusses issues pleasingly and ably. He has been the worst assailed of any of the candidates for Governor, but he hits back at those who have attacked him in burning words. Some one has said that "Conner literally takes the hide off of one man and then pours carbolic acid on him."

The ladies are urged to come and hear him. The responsibilities of naming officers rests upon them now as well as upon the men. The hour is here for a better day in politics of Mississippi, and Mike Conner, as speaker of the House for eight years, has had a very great deal to do with making this hour possible. He is clean morally, he is able, he is fearless, he is honest. His friends urge you to come and hear him.

Conner Campaign Committee of Grenada County.

Grenada, Miss., July 20, 1923



SEDAN—Four Passengers

LINCOLN

MOTOR CARS

"The purchase of a fine car invites the most exacting examination of the many details which must enter into complete satisfaction.

Included in these are the essential features of convenience, finish and appearance.

In these as in the accepted superiorities of motor and chassis construction, the Lincoln possesses rare combinations which stamp it as dignified and exclusive.

GRENADA MOTOR CO.

GRENADA, MISS.

Local, Social and Personal

ADVERTISING RATES—Classified Advertisements, Cards of Thanks, Obituaries, In Memoriams, and other reading notices 2½¢ per word for each insertion, payable cash in advance.

The attractive little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Watson, Margaret, left Wednesday to spend several weeks in Memphis in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Reid.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sizemore, Miss Hazel Inman and Thomas Perry were visitors the first of the week in Memphis. They went up Sunday morning, Messrs. Sizemore and Perry returning home that night and the two ladies remaining until Monday night.

W. V. Clayton left a few days ago to spend his vacation in Oklahoma City.

Mrs. J. C. Price of Batesville was the guest for a few hours Tuesday of Mr. and Mrs. J. Waring Taylor, Jr. She was en route home from Greenwood where she had been to visit her daughter, Mrs. Garrard Barrett.

Mr. Thomas Watkins of Oklahoma City has been visiting his brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. James Watkins in the Nason neighborhood.

Mrs. R. T. Whittle of Montgomery, Ala., has been the guest of her brother, J. H. Neely, and family in Grenada. She was accompanied by her attractive daughter, Miss Ruth Whittle. They left Wednesday at noon.

Wm. C. McLean, Jr., is enjoying a visit with his brother, Frank McLean, and family in Sutherland, Fla.

Virgil Wright was here from Greenwood to spend last Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Genie Wright.

A splendid revival meeting is being conducted at Bethel (Presbyterian) Church in the Pea Ridge community by Rev. F. R. Graves of Sumner who arrived Tuesday to commence the week's service.

Rev. A. T. Clanton and family arrived this week from their home in Pine Bluff, Ark., to visit Mr. Clanton's brother, Dr. R. A. Clanton, and family in Grenada and other relatives in the eastern portion of the county.

A. L. Trotman, manager of the local office of the Cumberland Telephone Co., was a business visitor to Charleston Tuesday.

Miss Nellie Johns was among the visitors from Grenada who spent last Sunday in the Bluff City.

Lee Martin and Fred Lickfold were visitors for several days the first of the week in Jackson.

Dr. George W. Chapman, who is the head of the Tupelo Military Institute at Tupelo, was in Grenada the first of this week in the interests of his school. While here, Dr. Chapman paid The Sentinel office an appreciated call.

Mrs. G. W. Dantzle of Winona and Mrs. Jamie Young of New Orleans are visiting their son and brother, G. W. Dantzler, and family at the Tie Plant and other relatives in Grenada.

Mr. and Mrs. James S. Hodges are spending this week in Earle, Ark., with Mrs. Hodges' parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Byrn.

Mrs. C. C. White and interesting little daughter, Lucy Carl, were visitors in Mathiston last week.

Vardaman Farrar of Meridian, arrived in Grenada Tuesday to spend the balance of the week as a guest in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe C. Morgan.

Miss Ione Peete of Memphis has been for a week the guest of Mrs. B. F. Thomas on Third Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Atkinson returned home Tuesday afternoon from Mendenhall where they had been on a short visit with relatives.

Mrs. Frank Harvey and little baby daughter of Dyersburg, Tenn., are the guests of Mrs. Harvey's mother, Mrs. R. W. Sharp, on Main Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis L. Thomas left Wednesday afternoon for their home in Portland, Oregon after having been for several months with Mrs. Thomas' parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Weir, east of Grenada. Mr. Thomas has been attending to some business matters while here.

If Mrs. McCune Talbert will call at the Grenada Opera House, she will be given a ticket to "Adam's Rib," with all-star cast, which will be shown Tuesday and Wednesday, July 24-25.

Mrs. Cowles Horton has returned from Chicago where she had been on an extended visit with relatives.

Miss Nellie Johns was the guest of friends in Water Valley Wednesday afternoon.

Amos Schultz visited friends in Charleston last Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Maywood Smith and young son, Maywood, Jr., left Thursday for Corinth where they will spend the remainder of the summer as the guests of relatives.

Mrs. Minnie L. Barbee and Miss Julia Lake left Wednesday at noon for the Gulf Coast for an indefinite stay. They were accompanied as far as New Orleans, by Harper Lake who expects to return to Grenada in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Small of Corinth spent several days this week in Grenada. Mr. Small was here looking after business interests.

O. L. Burris spent several days the latter part of last week visiting relatives in Newton, Ill.

Charles Lickfold is spending this week in Coffeeville.

Master Ben Caldwell is here from Charleston visiting his sister, Mrs. R. D. Sharp.

If Mrs. Anna Turnage will call at the Grenada Opera House, she will be given a ticket to "Adam's Rib," with all-star cast, which will be shown Tuesday and Wednesday, July 24-25.

R. L. Jones of Memphis is spending a few days in Grenada with relatives. He came home Wednesday at noon.

"The U. S. Navy Transports in War" is the title of a film which is being shown at Grenada Opera House tonight by the U. S. Naval Recruiting Service. It is presented in addition to the regular program.

Miss Maude West returned home Monday afternoon from Canton where she had been for a week visiting relatives. She was accompanied by her cousin, Miss Mary Farrell, who will be her guest for a few days.

Mrs. Dewey Harrison returned the latter part of last week to her home in Memphis after an extended stay in Grenada with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Kimbrough, and family.

Charles Wardlaw of Tusculum, Ala., is spending a few days in Grenada as the guest of his sister, Mrs. R. W. Sharp.

Mrs. J. B. Perry, Jr., left the latter part of last week for a few days' stay in Memphis. She went to be the guest of Mrs. W. S. Goodwin, Jr., who is better known in Grenada as Miss Mary Virginia Finley.

Miss Clarice Hall left Wednesday at noon for Greenwood where she is visiting her friend, Miss Mary Alice Harding. She will be away perhaps a week.

Miss Bonnie Lou Johnson arrived a few days ago from her home in Kosciusko to visit in the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Bain on Cherry Street.

Miss Elizabeth Starkey of Memphis arrived Tuesday to spend about two weeks in Grenada as the guest of Miss Christine Bull.

Misses Annie May and Pearl Parks of Memphis are Grenada visitors this week. The former is the guest of Miss Martha Bell while the latter is visiting Miss Rowena Betts.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer J. Williams were visitors last Friday evening and Saturday morning in Memphis where they went for a private showing of two new motion picture releases.

Mr. and Mrs. I. O. Pearson, Jr., and son, I. O., III, were guests of relatives in Grenada one day last week. They were en route to Greenwood from Vicksburg.

John Dupre arrived Wednesday from his home in Holly Springs to spend perhaps a week in Grenada on business.

Rev. H. G. Roberts, Methodist pastor of the Tie Plant circuit, is visiting his brother, Rev. L. L. Roberts, at Columbia, who has recently undergone an operation for appendicitis. Mr. Roberts will be gone until the first Sunday in August when he will again take up the duties of his charge.

J. W. Vance returned home Tuesday afternoon from Columbus where he spent several days on business.

Mrs. Ella Wilkerson of Dallas, Texas is visiting relatives and friends in Grenada.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Thiesman and their two very interesting children left Sunday for Louisville, Ky., where Mr. Thiesman is now working. Mrs. Thiesman and the children expect to remain with their husband and father several weeks before returning home.

J. D. Bell spent last Sunday afternoon in Scobey.

Mrs. H. G. Roberts and daughter, Miss Eunice, are the guests of their daughter and sister, Mrs. T. S. Brown, in Minter City. They expect to be away several weeks.

Mrs. M. E. McNeil and her granddaughter, Miss Mary Elizabeth McNeil, returned home last Sunday from Winona where they had been to spend two weeks with relatives.

J. H. Neely left Tuesday night for Chicago to spend several days on business. Before returning home, Mr. Neely expects to spend a day or two at the Willys-Overland factory in Toledo.

H. Haxby spent a short while the first of this week in Memphis on business.

Miss Ruby Grantham is visiting friends in Chicago and other places in Illinois. She left Monday afternoon and expects to return home about the first of August.

Mrs. E. H. White and two children have returned home after a pleasant visit with Mrs. White's sister in Wiggins.

Joe Cohen left last Sunday to spend some time in Philadelphia and other eastern points visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kirk and little daughters, Grace and Ruth, are visiting relatives and friends in Louisiana and Arkansas.

Mrs. Anna Ellis Dexter spent last week in Vaiden where she directed the singing for the Methodist meeting which was in progress there.

Miss Lucile Miers left last Sunday to visit her brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Pottle, in New Orleans. On her return home in August, she will be accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Pottle.

Mrs. A. J. McCaslin is enjoying a stay on the Gulf Coast. She expects to return home the latter part of this month.

Miss Ruth Stokes has returned home from Memphis where she attended summer school in the West Tennessee Normal.

Mrs. Ben Stuart left Sunday at noon to join her husband in New Orleans and together they will visit different points in Louisiana and will then spend some time on the Gulf Coast visiting relatives before returning home.

Louie Friedman is at home again after having been for some weeks ill in an Oxford hospital. His friends will be glad to know that he is rapidly convalescing.

Mrs. Kate Branham, who had been the guest of her niece, Mrs. S. M. Cain, returned Sunday to her home in Jackson, Tenn. She was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Cain who will spend several weeks in New York City and other places before returning home.

Mrs. H. B. Miller, Jr., left Monday afternoon to spend several weeks in Waterford and other points in New York state visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Vedder, and other relatives.

Miss Jessie Van Osdel is visiting relatives in Chicago. Before returning home, Miss Van Osdel expects to visit Niagara Falls and other places of interest.

Jack Hamilton spent a short while last week in Chicago on business.

F. R. Lickfold spent one day last week in Greenwood on business.

Mrs. Nan B. McCormick, accompanied by her oldest son, Cliff, left Monday afternoon for Rockford, Ill., to visit her sister, Mrs. W. L. Strother.

Miss Louise Honeycutt, accompanied Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Honeycutt upon their return to their home in Waco, Texas. They had been for several weeks the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Honeycutt and family. Miss Louise, while away, expects to visit in Corpus Christi, Texas and Oklahoma City.

Mrs. Albert M. Bonelli Vicksburg, who is with her mother, Mrs. A. D. Turnage, is spending this week in Greenwood visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Duncan and Miss Lida Coffman, who have been on an extensive western automobile trip, returned home Wednesday from Coopers Wells, which was the last place they visited.

Prof. John Rundle returned home from Louisville Monday afternoon. He spent several days there the guest of friends. His young son, John, Jr., and Miss Lesley Nabors remained over to spend this week in Louisville.

Miss Kate Payne Ownes has returned home from Toccoola where she spent some time engaged in Sunday School work.

John Pressgrove and Roy Burt were visitors last Sunday afternoon and evening in Batesville.

Mrs. Kirby Lee Cockerham arrived last Saturday afternoon from her home in Biloxi to spend some time in Grenada visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. P. Doty, and family.

Dennis Parks and Henry Thompson were visitors last Saturday evening and Sunday in Memphis.

Mrs. Bruce D. Newsom and two young daughters, Mary Jane and Nancy Cavett, left the latter part of last week to visit their father and grandfather, J. C. Cavett, and family in Jackson.

Misses Anna Lucile and Blanche Horner gave a party last Saturday to twenty-one little girls in honor of their visitor, Miss Martha Bell Tiley of Sunflower. The young ladies enjoyed a very delightful afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Cas Heath and son, Cas Edgar, and Hiram West, of Grenada, Miss., are the guests this week of Jim Stuckey and family. They made the trip overland—Lepanto (Ark.) Leader. Mrs. W. L. Brown accompanied them as far as Memphis where she went to visit her daughter, Mrs. T. J. Fatherree.

Miss Eunice Jones left a few days ago for Hillhouse, near Clarksdale, where she went to visit her brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Kosman expect to leave the last of this week for Atlantic City, N. J. to spend several weeks. Before returning home, they plan to spend a few days in New York City and other eastern points of interest.

If Miss Wilma Campbell will call at the Grenada Opera House, she will be given a ticket to "Adam's Rib," with all-star cast, which will be shown Tuesday and Wednesday, July 24-25.

Mr. and George Lake of Como, were recent guests in the home of their daughter, Mrs. Minnie L. Barbee, on Margin Street.

Misses Lula Bledsoe, Bettie Malone and Mary Pitts Gardner, three popular young ladies of the younger set of Greenwood, accompanied by Allen Bledsoe and Scott Kimball, also of Greenwood, were guests the past week-end of Colonel O. F. Bledsoe at his handsome country home, Villa Montevallo, west of Grenada.

Donald McLeod spent last Sunday in Memphis where he visited friends.

Rev. and Mrs. J. R. Countiss, who have just returned from an automobile trip to Hot Springs, Ark., have with them for a few days in their home on College Avenue, their son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Pecos, of Dallas, Texas.

Mrs. C. H. Hatchet spent one day the first of the week in Memphis with her mother, Mrs. F. F. Wiggins.

Miss Ann Tucker of Memphis is a Grenada visitor. She is a guest in the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Easter on College Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Talbert and little daughter left Sunday at noon for their home in Clarksdale after having been guests of their mother and grandmother, Mrs. M. L. Talbert, just south of town. Mr. Talbert is a candidate for circuit clerk of Coahoma County and from all accounts is going to give a good account of himself in the race.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Payne arrived in Grenada last Saturday from Sardis to be the guests of their mother, Mrs. Ida Campbell, for some time.

Miss Elizabeth Calhoun is having the great pleasure of entertaining as her guest this week, her cousin, Miss Elizabeth Smith, of Charleston.

Miss Daisy Leigh Roane left Monday afternoon for Monteagle, Tenn., where she will spend several weeks. She was joined at Coffeeville by Miss Elizabeth Bailey who will also spend some time in Monteagle.

Mrs. Mollie Wilson, of Little Rock, Ark., who had been the guest for several weeks of her brother, W. M. Cook, and family in Grenada, left Tuesday at noon for Canton where she will visit her son, Phillip Wilson, before returning home.

Miss Anna Elise Roane left a few days ago to spend quite a while in Berkeley, Calif., visiting her cousins, Messames J. B. Keister and Neiswanger.

Mrs. H. Gordon of Coffeeville was the guest for a short while the first of the week of her brother, J. Siegel, and family in Grenada.

Mesdames Dora Rollins and Charles Sizemore left Wednesday for Louisville, Miss., where they will be the guests of their daughter and sister, Mrs. O. F. Parkes.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Jackson and Mrs. J. J. Lott left Tuesday night for Donna, Texas where they went with the view of purchasing land. They expect to return home next Monday. During their absence, Mr. Campbell's studio will be closed.

Mrs. John J. Nichols and children spent last week in Memphis visiting relatives.

Miss Ruth Herron of Coffeeville is the guest of Miss Lillian Easter on College Avenue.

Mrs. Glen Rose of Hattiesburg is the guest of Mrs. D. B. Phillips on Second Street.

Mrs. T. C. Conn of Durant was the guest for a few days last week of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hatchet on Second Street.

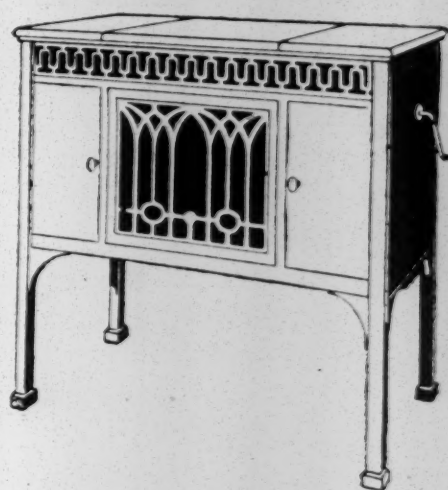
Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Moss and children left last Friday to visit Mrs. Moss' brother, W. R. Grantham, and family in Memphis. Mr. Moss returned home Sunday night while Mrs. Moss and the children remained over to spend this week.

Miss Stevie Trotman of Enid was the guest last week of her brother, A. L. Trotman, and family in Grenada. She returned home Sunday and was accompanied by her niece, little Miss Dorothy Trotman, who will spend several days in Enid.

Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Clark are happy over the arrival in their home on Wednesday afternoon of a fine baby daughter.

B. C. Adams spent several days this week in Memphis on business.

Consoles



The New Edison
Console Models
On Display at our
Store

Prices \$135 to \$295

"Summer Time
Is Music Time"

Call us for
Demonstration

Sharp Furniture Co.
Phone 150

NEW RUGS



Our new stock of Rugs is the most
complete ever shown here

Special Mid-Season Prices

Sharp Furniture Co.

You will save if you will buy your
White Goods and everything else
for Summer wear at

Friedman's

We have many special values to
offer you at remarkably low prices

Rimrock Trail

(Continue from last week)

"Slow down, somewhere and send a tip where they can find him in a day or two."

Plimsoll shot a look of contempt at Butch, making the proposal.

"You and Hahn make a good team," he said. "No. One's enough. He may get lost—we'll take his horse—and that won't be our fault. He may make Three Star late this afternoon. I wish I could be with him when he tells what he knows. Time they locate the hideout, we'll be miles away through the south end and they'll have one hell of a time trailing us over the horses. The horses can stay in the park. If we put this deal over right we don't need to bother about horse-trading. We can get clean out of the country with a big stake, go down to South America and start up a place. There are live times and good plays down there, boys. All right, Cookie, we're coming. I'm going to take another look. It's ten to one they're making for Beaver Dam lake—a picnic."

He laughed and the two laughed with him as he went for his survey and returned, announcing that the girl and her escort were entering the ravine at the other end.

"They didn't recognize us," he said. "We've got to take Cookie into this. You and Butch ride on through the trees a ways, Hahn, till you get back of them. Then we'll get 'em between us. I'll wise Cookie up to what we are doing."

It was more than doubtful whether the three ever intended for a second to allow Cookie to share in the ransom money, but Plimsoll easily persuaded him that he would be a partner, adding that it would be foolish to let all the riders into the pot.

"She's Molly Casey of the Casey mine," he told him. "Sandy Bourke's her guardian. We'll make him come through with twenty or thirty thousand, safe. But there ain't enough to go all round and make a showing."

Cookie was a willing rascal and a natural adept at the dead-enders. He raised no objections and the trap was set and sprung.

"You go ahead, Cookie, and open up the gate," said Plimsoll. Hahn and Butch were speeding. Donald Keith on his way with a disarming bullet. "The going to have a little private talk with this lady. Go to the cabin and get some grub ready. There's plenty there. Spread yourself. We'll be along in a little while. That was a nice job of roping you did. I won't forget it."

"Allus end lass' fair to middlin'," grinned the man through yellow, stumpy teeth. "That's why I tote a rope. An' I sure had a purty target."

Plimsoll scowled at him and he rode off. Molly, the lariat twisted about her upper body from shoulders to waist, constricting her arms, fastened where she could not reach it, by a hitch, sat on Blaze, looking with steady contempt at Plimsoll, who held her bridle rein. He regarded her with sleek complacency and then his eyes slowly traveled over her rounded figure, accentuated by her riding torgery.

"Grown to be quite a beauty, quite a woman, Molly, my dear," he said.



"Grown to Be Quite a Beauty, Quite a Woman, Molly, My Dear," He Said.

"Never should have suspected you'd turn out such a wonder. Clothes make the woman, but it takes a proper figure to set them off. And you've got all of that."

"What are you going to do with me?" she asked.

"I'm not going to tell you—yet. It depends upon circumstances, my dear. We'll all have a little chat after lunch. I'd take that rope off if I wasn't afraid I might lose you. You are quite precious."

She looked through him as if he had been a sheet of glass. From her first sight of him, back in childhood, she had known instinctively the man was evil. But she was not afraid. The blood that ran in her veins was pure and bore in its crimson flood the sturdy heritage of pioneers who had outlived dangers of death and tor-

ture. She was an Western. The blood was fighting blood. She felt it urged in her pulses while her brain bade her bide her time. Rage mounted as she faced the possible issues of this capture, the haunting dismissal of young Keith. She heard the laughter that followed the rifle shots and surmised that they were having their idea of a joke with the lad.

If he got back—then Sandy would come after her. She was very sure of Sandy and that he would find her. Until he did she must use her wits.

And Grit, gallant Grit, wounded and lying in the chaparral!

Though she still gazed through Plimsoll rather than at him, the scorn showed in her eyes and bit through his assumption of ease as acid bites through skin, eating its way on. He burned to wipe out his own trickeries, his cowardice, his failures, to wreak a vile satisfaction on this girl who sat so disdainfully, with her chin lifted, her lips firm, oblivious of him. She baffled him. A mind like Plimsoll's never had the clarity of prevision to see the strength of character that had been in the prospector's child, even as he had never suspected her unfolding to beauty. It roused the vandal in him—he longed to break her, mar her.

The return of Butch and Hahn brought him back to the fact that he was not playing this deal alone. While they might allow him some personal license, to them the girl represented so much money.

He cut short Butch's boast of the way they had scared young Keith. Both Hahn and Parsons felt a coil of embarrassment at the silence, almost the serenity, of their captive. They had expected her to act far differently, to rage, threaten, cry out. She almost abashed them.

"See if you can round up that d—m dog, Butch," said Plimsoll. "I plugged him but we want to be sure he don't get away. He might help Keith's kid, for one thing. And he clamped my arm."

Parsons rode into the chaparral until he was barred by its thickness, trying to stir out the dog, without success.

"Dead, I reckon," he reported. "Crawled in somewhere. You hit him hard, Plim. Plenty blood on the leaves."

Molly bit her lips and paled a little, but turned away her head so that they could not see. She winked back the tears that came to her thought of Grit helpless, panting, bleeding.

They rode on up the rocky ravine. Presently they turned aside from the stony trail. To one side appeared a narrow opening, unseen from below by the curve of the great rock, just wide enough to admit horse and rider. A few feet in they halted, and Plimsoll turned in his saddle while the other three man dismounted and carefully adjusted several rock fragments in the opening, piling them with a swift care that showed familiarity with their task, so placing them that they appeared as if a part of the wall.

Below them, Molly saw the hidden park that lay so snugly back of the barrier walls. It was an irregular oval that appeared to curve at the far end. The trail down was plainly marked. It forked after they reached the general level and the branch they took led into a side gulch where a log cabin stood, smoke coming from its chimney. Plimsoll took the rein of Blaze again and they broke into a canter. At the cabin Plimsoll took Molly from the saddle and carried her into the rude interior. There he set her on a chair. Cookie was busy at a stove frying ham and eggs, with coffee simmering.

"You'd better sit up and eat nicely, my dear," said Plimsoll as he unbound



"No Sense in Being Stubborn."

her. "You'll have to sooner or later, you know. No sense in being stubborn."

She said nothing but she saw a gleam in her eyes as she glanced toward the table where Hahn was setting out plates and cutlery.

"You'll eat with a fork, Molly," said Plimsoll.

"Those steel knives are too handy for you. There's a nasty look in those blue eyes of yours that will have to be tamed—have to be tamed," he repeated as he took a demijohn from a corner and poured out a liquor that sent the reek of its raw strength sickeningly through the cabin. "Here's to your health, Molly—Molly Mine!"

The others laughed and drank their share before they ate the food that Cookie placed before them, talking louder, growing flushed with the crude whiskey, while Molly sat facing the

door, striving to catch something that might help, might give some clue. But the talk was all of the brawl at the Waterline with contemptuous mention of Wyatt and the rest. They seemed by common consent to ignore her once she had refused the food.

This attitude weakened her resistance though she strove against it. She had nerved herself to meet action. Now she seemed to count for little more than a bundle, of more or less value, that, having been secured, could wait its time for utility. Yet, before she had telescoped her vision to extend through and beyond Plimsoll, she had seen devils looking from his eyes, smug devils, but none the less menacing, risen from the man's own private hell pit.

Plimsoll looked at his watch. "The horses should be showing up pretty soon," he said and rose, a little unsteadily. The effects of the liquor were patent on all of them. "Butch, you and Hahn go down with Cookie and keep 'em down at the south end. Get 'em to turn the horses loose. And get them out of the place as soon as you can after they've eaten. Better take what stuff you want, Cookie."

"Keep your eyes peeled on Cookie," Plimsoll said in a lower voice as the ranch chef went out of the door with his arms piled with provisions. "He might take a notion to talk too much."

"Where are you going to stow her?" asked Hahn. "Leave her here in Split Rock cave?"

The callous reference to her as if she was something inanimate chilled Molly. If only she had a gun! She had laughed at Donald's tenderfoot insistence upon carrying the one he had brought West as a part of his outfit and had never attempted to use. The cook's too well thrown rope would have probably thwarted any move of hers if she had had a weapon. Her fingers crept up toward her throat touching a slender chain upon which, ever since she had returned to the Three Star, hung a gold disk, the coin with which Sandy had gambled, the luck-piece. To Molly, even now, it was a talisman that held promise. If they left her behind them, somehow Sandy would unearth her. But that hope died.

"She'll stay in sight and touch," said Plimsoll. "Then we'll know she's safe. We'll make Windy gulch to-night and stay there. It's as good a place as I know. One of us can ride over the mountain to Redding and mail the letter."

Butch nodded. "Come on, Hahn," he said. "Let's leave 'em together." Molly cast an involuntary glance at the opening door, watched it close after the pair of blackguards and braced herself. The issue was at hand.

Plimsoll slid a bolt on the door, brought over one of the makeshift chairs and placed it in front of Molly, seating himself. His alcohol-laden breath reached her nauseatingly and she turned her head aside. As if a trigger had been released Plimsoll's face became inflamed with a passionate fury.

"D—n you!" he said. "Don't you turn your head away from me. I'll train you to better manners before I'm through with you. You'll be jumping to do what you think I want you to before long. You'll be begging me for favors. You may think you're too good for me now. You won't presently."

She saw that she had gone too far in her disdain; that she must try to leash the devils that had broken loose in his brain.

"Just what do you want?" she asked, and her voice seemed not to belong to her as she uttered the words that showed no tremor.

"You! Not for love, my beauty! Because you are good to look at—yes. But I'll take my time. I'll sip at the dish, my dear. I've got a big score to settle and I'll do it properly. We'll go over some of the items."

He got up and emptied a bottle that still held a generous measure. He staggered slightly and fumbled the chair as he sat down again. Molly watched him intently. If only he got sufficiently drunk. Before the rest came back. Perhaps she could get his own gun? Plimsoll laid a familiar finger on her knee and instantly loathing showed in her eyes. He laughed.

"Using that busy little brain of yours, eh? Figurin' I'll get drunk. Nothin' doin', m' dear. I made that booze and I know just how it treats me, sabe? Now, then."

"Your guardian angel Sandy chiselled me out of my share in the Molly mine belongin' to me 'count of grub-stakin' your father."

"That's a lie."

"That's easy to say when it nets you a fortune. Easy to go back on a dead man's agreement. Four-flushing Sandy Bourke . . ."

Molly suddenly slipped back into the primitive. Something seemed to click and the refinement she had learned and used so far fell like a cloak that is dropped for freedom in battle. With the malignment of Sandy and her father she was Molly Casey, daughter of a desert rat, once more.

"That's another d—n lie," she said. "Haven't forgotten how to swear, have you?"

"I've heard how Sandy Bourke chased your rotten-hearted jumpers out off the claim and gave you until sunup to sneak out of town. I've heard how you were afraid to look at him through the smoke but went galloping off while the whole camp laughed at you. Sandy a four-flusher! A coyote'll fight when it's cornered, but you . . ."

Plimsoll grew slowly livid. "Heard all about it, did you?" he said slowly.

(Continued on page 8)

COUNTY SCHOOL

BOARD TO MEET

A meeting of the County School Board is hereby called to be held in the courthouse at Grenada at ten o'clock on the morning of Saturday, July 28, for the transaction of business. A full attendance is urged as matters of importance will be discussed.

M. McKIBBEN,
County Sup't Education
Grenada, Miss., July 10, 1923.
7-13-3t.

Magnificent Flour

BAPTIST S. S. CON-

VENTION TO MEET

The Grenada County Baptist S. S. Convention will meet at Bethel

Church in the Oxberry community on the fourth Sunday in July, the 22nd. If the superintendents of the schools will see that notice is given to all the people in your church and have a report from your school ready, you will be doing a good service. The meeting will be all day with dinner on the ground.

We also expect to have reports from the beat and county organizers.

C. C. White, Pres.

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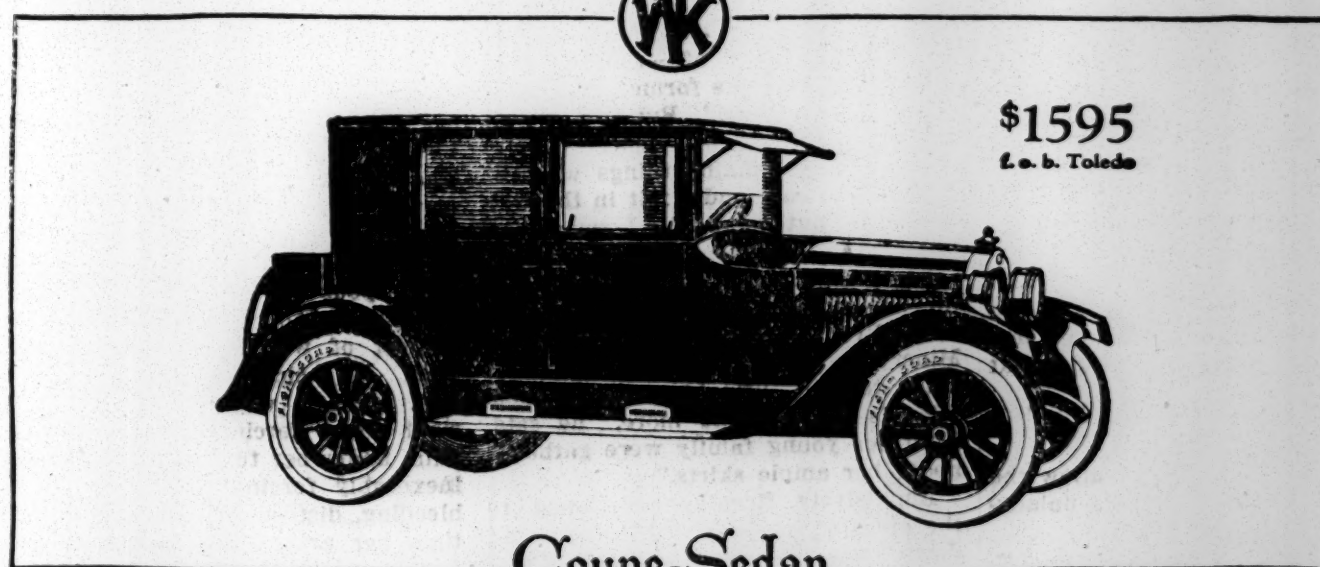
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KNIGHT

PAYNE-WILLIAMS

A wedding of unusual interest was solemnized Sunday afternoon when Miss Julia Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Van W. Williams, became the bride of Mr. Leonard A. Payne of Water Valley, Miss., at the home of the bride's parents.

Before the ceremony Miss Kathryn Lufkin sang "At Dawning" and the "Sweetest Story Ever Told," accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Homer Williams. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Eva Williams, who wore a model of pink crepe and carried a shower bouquet of white roses and valley lilies. The groom was attended by Mr. Boots Bell of Water Valley.

To the strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March the bridal party entered, preceded by little Miss Gloria Williams, niece of the bride, who scattered rose petals in the path of the bride and groom. They stood before an improvised altar of ferns and flowers. The impressive double-ring ceremony was performed by Father Joseph of Water Valley. The bride was beautiful in a tailored three-piece suit of navy point twill, with fall model hat of gray, with gray accessories, and a corsage of bride's roses and valley lilies.

Mrs. Payne is an exceptionally gracious and attractive young woman. She has been trained since her early years to put home and its affairs first and she is gifted with all the attributes to make a devoted wife and helpmeet.

Her husband enjoys the respect and confidence of all who know him. He is in the employ of the railroad company at Water Valley and holds an enviable reputation for his ability and attention to his duties.

Mr. and Mrs. Payne left immediately after the ceremony for Memphis and from there left for New Orleans, points in Texas and Mexico. On their return they will be at home to their numerous friends at Water Valley.

The out-of-town guests were: Mrs. J. F. Payne, mother of the groom, Water Valley; Mr. and Mrs. Dick Domady, of Helena, Arkansas; Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Wilcox, Mr. Boots Bell, and Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Groves, all of Water Valley; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Payne of Tie Plant; Miss Mary Hines of Jackson, Tenn., and Mr. R. H. Williams of Shreveport, La.

The Sentinel wishes them a happy voyage on the sea of matrimony.

NEW P. W. LEASE

Former Sergeant Snodgrass and Ditto Private Whipple hadn't seen each other for a couple of years until they joined the same legion post. They gathered in a corner to reminisce.

"Do you still dream your old dream about getting a government farm?" asked Snodgrass.

"Yes," replied Whipple, sadly. "But now when I dream it, I've got sense enough to know I'm asleep."

Just Think About It.

"Well, it's almost time to begin thinking about going fishing."

"I didn't know you were a fisherman. I don't remember ever seeing you on a stream."

"I don't go fishing, but this is the time of year I like to think about it."

No Need of Hurry.

Georgette—Oh, look, Ludwig, we are right under the mistletoe!

Ludwig—I know it, darling, but I couldn't kiss you now because it would be taking an unfair advantage of you. There will be plenty of time for that after we are engaged.

The Effect.

Aunt Lucy—You shouldn't allow the men to kiss you. It's not only unladylike but highly insubstantial.

Phillips—That doesn't scare me. Every time I've been kissed I think I never felt better in my life.



BETTER WITHOUT

"I asked her to kiss me, without avail."

"You were right to stipulate that. Kissing through a veil spoils half the fun."

Dazzled.

Jewels move a woman's mind. So the poet said. And, it might be added, They also turn her head.

On Second Thought.

He—Did you ever think of getting married?

She—It's never entered my mind.

He—You're just a bother.

She—You've started me thinking.

LEM TODD'S GIRL

By JANE GORDON

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE young woman who stepped from the train as it drew into the country station looked about in happy anticipation.

Rosa-Lee wondered with a thrill if her father's name would still be over "The Big Store." Though her father had died in her very young girlhood, she had been known everywhere as "Lem Todd's girl."

"I came—" Rosa-Lee faltered, "to see my father's old store. I am Lem Todd's daughter."

The young man was politely attentive. "I thought the place," he told her, "from Jared Wilson. Came here from New York. Not very well acquainted myself. Anything I can do for you?"

The young woman stood silent. In her busy life among strangers she had kept a little happy dream of a homecoming to the old town of her parents, now gone.

"Jared Wilson," she hopefully questioned, "is—?"

"Died," the young man answered briefly. "I bought the place from his wife, who left town."

"And the old Orchard house?" Rosa-Lee asked. "Is Mrs. Simpson still in charge?" She was recalling the pleasant hotel woman who had brightened her childhood days. And the Sunday dinners there—her father had often taken his motherless girl to Mrs. Simpson's Sunday dinners—fresh vegetables in the garden, green corn, a little red chair for her on the wide veranda, afterward—

"Mrs. Simpson went to live with her daughter before I came here," the young man said. "A woman from Boston has a tearoom there now. You will find it very nice."

Rosa-Lee sank into resigned disappointment. "I don't think I will try the tearoom today," she decided.

The beautiful spot in Cover's wood, where she and Larry used to have their romances, must at least be unchanged. She would buy things for a picnic lunch now.

"You know Larry Stephens?" she questioned, as the young man wrapped her packages. He nodded. "I have heard of him. Making a name for himself in the city—they are going to send him to congress."

Rosa-Lee went on her way, a whimsical smile curling her lips.

"Larry Stephens going to congress?"—and she had laughed, long ago, at his presumption in asking Lem Todd's daughter to marry him.

The old spot in Cover's wood was unchanged. She leaned against a friendly willow and let the breeze lift the waving hair from her hot forehead. A man, whirling from the opposite side of the tree, faced her. "I beg your pardon," he said, jumping to his feet. "I was just going." He had a pleasant, frank face, this big man, and his black hair was graying at the temples.

Rosa-Lee smiled. "It seems to me," she remarked, "that I should be the one to apologize for trespassing. I've been looking the old town over—I used to live here and thought this would be a nice place to rest." She paused, looking up at him, wistfully eager. "If you live here you may remember my father. I am Lem Todd's girl."

The man's face brightened. "I do remember Lem Todd. Used to hang around his store with the gang. That was before my family sent me away to college. I have been away from Orchard ever since. Thought I'd drop off the train today and renew old acquaintances. Sort of—the big man smiled—"prosperous former citizen returned to 'show 'em.' But most of the folks are gone or are busy. Women seemed to be canning things where I ventured to call, and I felt in the way and came out here. As I remember, this was a favorite courting place of mine. There was a certain Minerva—through all these days of my bachelorhood I've remembered the sylphlike Minerva. She was one of those at home today." The big man laughed. "She is sylphlike no more," he said, "and her young family were gathered about her ample skirts."

Impulsively Rosa-Lee motioned to the grass at her side. "Won't you sit down," she invited, "and tell me who you used to be and partake of my picnic lunch?"

"I," the man told her, as he promptly accepted the invitation, "am John Tabor, son of a better John Tabor, the town's old attorney. You must have been a little too before I left."

"I have often heard my father speak of yours," Rosa-Lee said delightedly; "we shall have an old-town reunion, you and I, as we eat our lunch."

The enchantment of Cover's wood was upon them when they reluctantly arose later to say good-by.

"My train will soon be coming," the young woman said.

"And mine," John Tabor added regretfully. "But I cannot go without hope of seeing you again—though I live three thousand miles away, in California."

"Why," laughed Rosa-Lee, "I, too, am traveling to California. It is there that our company has its main office."

And less than three months afterward John Tabor stopped his car—in California—that his wife might admire a certain view.

"Reminds me of Cover's wood," he said.

And Lem Todd's girl smiled.

"I to be sure, John," she said, "that you and I, as we might remember together about our old home."

(Continued from page 7)

"Then you know some of the score. And I can wipe off what I owe Sandy Bourke through you. And there are more items. There was the first time we met. I haven't forgotten that. There was the kiss you said you tried to bite out after you'd burned the doll I gave you. You told about that the next time I kissed you in the hammock at Three Star. You tried to rub out that kiss, too. Maybe the next ones will stay put."

"That was the time Mormon man-handled you." She saw the blue snakes crawl on his purpling skin, and she kept her eyes on them, though her mental vision was on the holster beneath his vest. She deliberately taunted him to provoke him to an uncalculated move. Molly knew her own liteness, her strength. If she could get inside his arms, if even to endure a moment of his beastly embrace, and could get a grip on the gun?

But there was something in Plimsoll that delighted in playing with a victim he felt sure of. It soothed his broken vanity.

"So," he said, "I'm going to get even with Sandy and with Mormon and that bow-legged fool Sam Manning, who call you the Mascot of the Three Star, all at once; while I get even with you. And get what should have been mine at the same time. We'll have you tucked away while we mail the letter that will bring your ransom. Never mind the details of handling the money. I'll attend to that. But we'll bleed you dry. The price of all your stock and that of the three suckers at the Three Star at par—and all they can borrow on the ranch—that will be the price for you, my lady. With three days to deliver in."

"You talk like a crazy man, or a drunken one. If you lay a finger on me they'll trail you to h—l, Jim Plimsoll, and the devil himself won't stop them from skinning you alive."

Plimsoll shrugged his shoulders, but his eyes flickered and for a second his cowardly soul shrank.

"I'll look out for that," he said. "If you are delivered back to them as damaged goods they'll never know it till you tell them. Maybe you won't be over-anxious to do that." His eyes grew moody, his manner sullen. He was passing into another alcoholic phase. Molly sensed imminent danger.

"I'll take those kisses now," he cried, and lunged for her, catching her about the waist as she rose from her chair. "And more to boot," he added thickly as he drew her to him, one hand at the back of her head, fingers twining in her hair, twisting her face forward, upward. She had both arms inside of his, her hands on his chest. With all her strength she strained and pushed away, her right hand slid up to the holster, groping.

The gun was not there. Plimsoll had reloading it during the meal and left it on the table. His breath sickened her. She got her arm clear and struck him viciously on the mouth, breaking the lips against his teeth. Fighting like a cave-woman, she scored his cheek with nails that dug deep from the corner of his eyelid and brought the blood. As he shifted his hold she wrenched loose, leaving strands of brown hair in his fingers, and jumped for the door. In her spring she saw, too late, the pistol on the table. She drew the bolt, half opening the door before he caught her and dragged her back again.

"You wildcat," he panted. "I'll fix you."

Like a panther Molly fought, matching her young muscles against his, striking, clawing, biting. Her riding coat ripped, the neck of her waist was torn away. Maddened at her resistance, he struck back. Once he got her about the throat, but her fingers were at his face, tearing at his eyes and he had to beat her off. The girl fought with all the sublimated despair of attacked womanhood, the man like a gorilla. The struggle was unequal, with more than forty pounds in favor of Plimsoll, though if Molly had possessed the puniest of weapons, she might have won. He held her at last, close to him, one arm wrapped about her, his right hand forcing the heel of the palm under her tucked-in chin, slowly, inexorably forcing it back while his bleeding, distorted face lowered. This time her arms were locked in, bent double, useless. Her kicks were futile; she had only her teeth left and she was going to try those. But she knew her strength sapped, knew in another moment or two she would be at the mercy of this brute who did not know the meaning of the word.

A shadow barred the half-open door, low down. A pointed head appeared with blazing eyes, with a neck-ruff flaring high. White teeth showed as red gums bared in hate, and, forgetting the wounded leg that had held him back, Grit hurled himself in a staggering but magnificent leap. He could not reach Plimsoll's throat, he had lost much momentum through the damaged leg, he lacked power from loss of blood, but fury gave him strength for the spring that brought his teeth within reach of Plimsoll's right wrist, exposed; the cuff halfway up the forearm. Grit's teeth slashed like chisels, ripping through flesh, tendon and artery, sending jets of blood spurting before Plimsoll, with a yell of surprise and consternation, flung Molly into a corner, dazed and weak, and threw up his left forearm to guard against the dog's second leap.

It fell short. Plimsoll's right hand, scattering blood, groped blindly for the gun on the table behind him. He found the barrel and brought the heavy butt down with a crash on Grit's head, back of the ear. The dog dropped like a length of chain. Plimsoll kicked the body viciously, taking the bandanna from his neck and tying it tight about his wrist, fastening the knots with his teeth. With a look at Molly, crumpled unconscious in the corner, he sought for more liquor, found it and poured himself a big jorum, gulping it down while the blood dripped heavily from the bandage. He was soggy with shock and fatigue, the strong stuff half paralyzed his faculties and he dropped into a chair, gazing stupidly at his wrist.

His imagination was a curse to him. He had seen Grit's slaving jaws as they rose in the leap, the crimson glare in his eyes. To all intents the dog was mad. It had been lying wounded in the sun. Only madness

could have given it strength to track so far. What if it meant lockjaw—hydrophobia.



He Brought the Heavy Butt Down With a Crash.

Water—that was the test! There was water that Cookie had brought in for coffee, half a bucket, by the stove. He felt a sudden repugnance toward it. The slashed veins in his wrists burned and throbbled as if they were oozing molten lead instead of blood. And he was growing weak. If he didn't get a tourniquet fixed he might bleed to death. But what was the use?

Grit, who had opened a way out for Molly, lay still beneath the table. Molly, overtaken, was in a swoon. Plimsoll sat in a stupor. The door swung wide, Cookie rushed in, his face muddy with alarm.

"The show's gone wrong," he cried to Plimsoll, who stared at him half-comprehending. "For Gawd's sake, what's happened here? Gimme a drink." He snatched at the bottle and swallowed from the neck. "Here, you need a swig. We got to get out of here, pronto. Have you scragged the gel?" He thrust the bottle at Plimsoll, who drank, senses rallying by the urge of danger that emanated from the cook like the sweaty stench of a frightened animal.

"Brandon's gang has come back," said Cookie. "It's the d—dest track of luck. They must have fell in with Wyatt or some of his pals. They must have been to the ranch. They cut off the boys and the horses over by Sand creek! Reynolds got clear. He saw them comin' an' streaked it. They were shootin' like h—l, he said. Hahn an' Butch has gone up to the lookout to . . . Hear that?"

That was a single rifle-shot, followed by the others, the last almost as one.

"H—l!" cried Plimsoll. "They've got us this end. It's Wyatt. Just my d—d luck for him to meet up with Brandon."

Cookie ran outside and Plimsoll followed to the door, lethargy leaving him in the face of disaster, though he could not think fast or clearly. Hahn came clattering over the rocks on his horse, his face chalky white.

"Go get him a slug of whisky," Plimsoll ordered Cookie.

But Cookie, his face twitching with fright, jumped for his own mount and went galloping down the valley to the south.

Plimsoll sent curses after him, reaching for his own pistol before he remembered it was inside, dragging Hahn's half out of its holster and then quitting as the feeling cook tangented and disappeared behind some timber.

The handkerchief about Plimsoll's wounded wrist was now a sodden rag, but the loss of blood had cleared his brain. He set his left arm about Hahn and helped him into the cabin. Molly was stirring and Plimsoll scowled blackly at her. He gave Hahn a drink.

"Brace up," he said; "what happened? I know about Reynolds. I mean at the lookout."

"We no more than made the lookout," said Hahn, "before six men came riding along, heeled for trouble. One of them was the black-bearded guy from California who was here with that Brandon, first time they came nosing around. And another was Wyatt. Wyatt was just starting to point 'em out the entrance when Butch lets him have it. Hits him smack in the forehead. Before he could show 'em the way in. He may have told 'em about it on the way up. But Blackbeard must have caught the shine of Butch's barrel. He fires back—they all had their rifles banded 'cross the pommel—the bandy goes plumb through the tree and knocks Butch down. Went through both his. He falls against me and I show in the open, sliding on that d—d slip of

bowlder, sliding inside and out of range, but they got me.

"They'll be through any minute. Plim. You can't tell how much Wyatt told 'em on the way up. They've got me. I can't ride. My lungs are filling up. Butch is paralyzed—if he ain't dead. A h—l of a wind-up! You can make it out the way Reynolds did. None of the gang that left with Wyatt knows about the side-trail by Spur rock. But you'd better beat it. Me. I've turned my last card. The case is empty!"

His head fell forward onto his arms. A trickle of scarlet came from the corner of his mouth. Plimsoll looked at him calculatingly. Hahn could not ride. But he wouldn't die for a while. To leave him here where the raiders would find him might mean a confession wrung from him that would tell of the get-away trail by Spur rock and Nipple peaks. He shook Hahn by the sound shoulder.

"Brace up," he said. "You can hide in Split Rock cave. I'm going to put the girl in there. Take another drink. Pick up some grub. There's water in the cave. You can come out soon's the coast is clear."

"I'll not be coming out," said Hahn huskily. "But it's a good move." He weakly collected the bottle, some scraps of food.

Plimsoll stooped over Molly, coming out of her faint, and gagged her with her own scarf as her eyes opened and looked at him. He took off her belt and strapped her arms behind her back. Then, despite his wounded wrist, he lifted her easily enough and strode with her out of the door, Hahn following.

Hahn's horse was standing there obediently with pendent reins anchoring it! Blaze and Plimsoll's black were nipping grass in the little corral where they had been placed. Blaze whinnied at the sight, or the scent, of his mistress. Plimsoll turned into a cleft, stopping at a rock whose almost flat surface was level with his feet, a great mass of granite that some freak of weathering or convulsion of earthquake had split almost in half. Into the crevice a wild grape-vine had twined, and died.

"Can you make it, Hahn?" he asked.

The dealer nodded and knelt, using his sound arm to aid himself by the tough fibers, bracing with his knees. Down some ten feet in the crack he looked up, his ghastly face pallid in the shadow, with an attempt at a grin.

"Good-by, Plim," he said. "Good luck! What do I do with the girl?"

"Keep her from calling out. She's gagged but she might try it. Make her nurse you. Do anything you d—n please with her!"

Hahn dropped out of sight. Plimsoll did not wait, but picked Molly up from where he had deposited her, a helpless bundle, on the rock.

"The bottom's soft down there," he said. "Sand. It ain't more than fifteen feet. Down you go, h—l cat! They'll have a fine time locating you. And you've got a dying man for company. He'll be a dead one before morning."

He lowered her, feet down, released her and watched her disappear. He swung about and ran back to the corral, his hurt arm throbbing with his exertion. He flung himself into the saddle of the black horse, once leader of a sleek herd of wild mustangs, magnificent for speed and symmetry, worthy a better master, and galloped out of the corral, out of the side-ravine, into the open park. The rough towel about his arm was becoming soaked. Every jump of the black horse seemed to increase the bleeding. The spurt of fictitious energy that had carried him through since the arrival of Cookie was dying away. But he was on a mount that none could match, he was going on a trail that was hard to follow, practically unknown. Unless he was headed off, he could break through. At Nipple peaks he could rest, attend to his wound.

A shout, a bullet whistling past that nicked the stallion's ear and sent him plunging and bucking, warned him that his enemies had found the way in and were after him. He did not look back, but bent forward in his saddle and sunk the spurs into the black's flanks. The half-tamed mustang's indignant bounds spoiled the aim of the marksmen, and, though the steel-nosed missiles hummed like bees about them, they gained the shelter of the same trees that had covered Cookie. Belly almost to ground, the black swept over the cropped turf at racing speed, the drum of his hoofs like distant thunder, crest high, crimson-satin nostrils flaring, mad at the sting of the red notch in his ear.

Round the elbow of the Hideout, with Brandon's men distanced, into the gorge at the south end. A wild scramble up a steep slope and the way to Spur rock was clear. Plimsoll smiled grimly. "D—n them, I'll beat them yet!" For a second he was silhouetted against a sky-line, then he plunged down. Fresh droppings told him that Reynolds had won clear. He was safe from pursuit. If the wound—he should have cauterized it. But . . .

He reined in for a moment. The sound of a shout rang in his ears. It was an echo, he fancied, it must be an echo, flung back from the mountain walls ahead. But it could mean nothing else than a view-halloo. Someone had glimpsed him disappearing beyond the ridge.

(To be Continued)

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